

Geo Courts

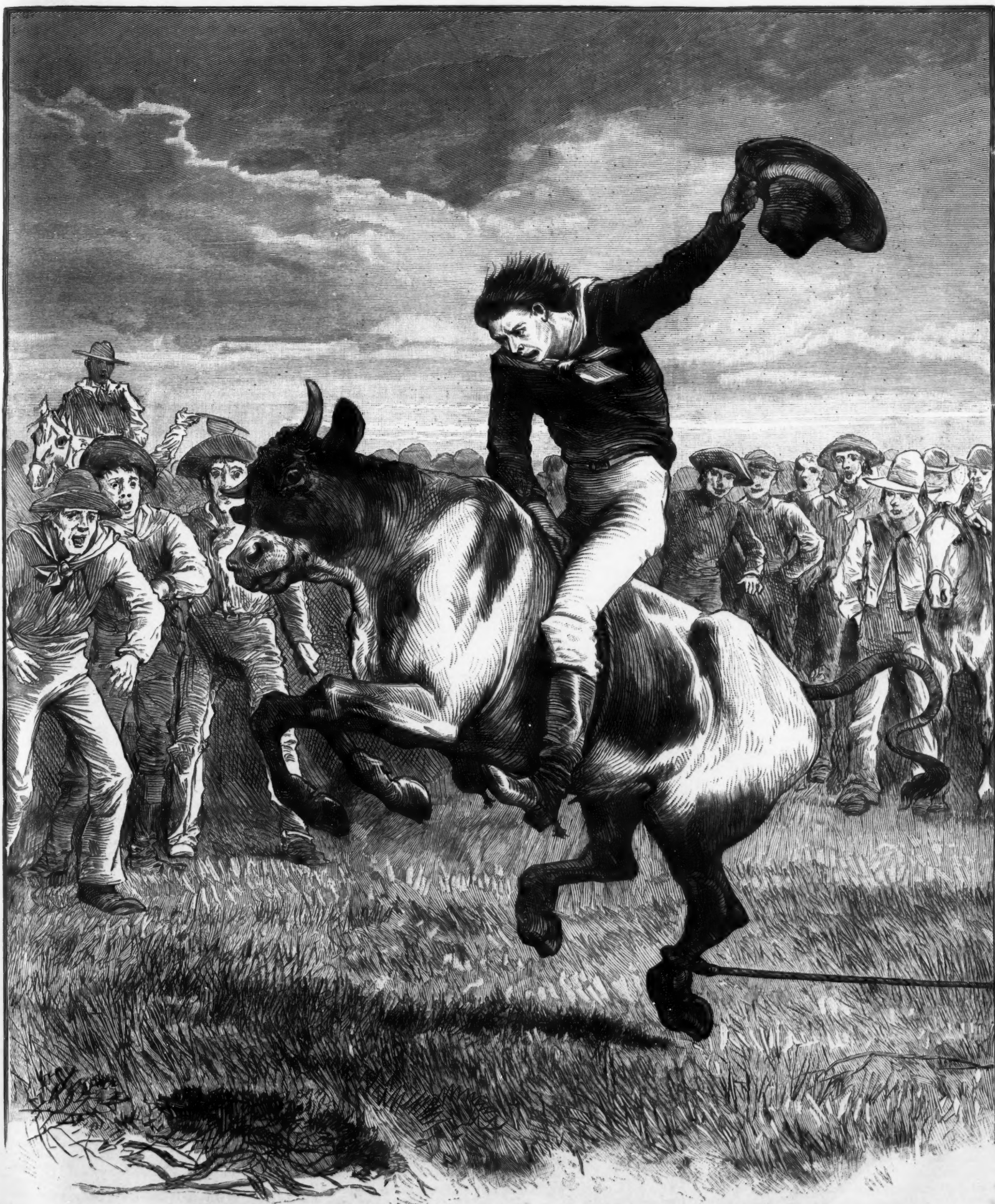
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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COWBOY LIFE.—RIDING A YEARLING.
FROM A PHOTO. BY C. D. KIRKLAND, CHEYENNE.—SEE PAGE 182.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, MAY 5, 1888.

THE PRESIDENTIAL SITUATION.

WITHIN the last two weeks the Presidential situation has undergone a material change. On the Democratic side it is said that Governor Hill, who seemed likely at one time to enter the National Convention, is no longer in the race. Either the nature of the testimony before the Aqueduct Investigating Committee of the State Senate, the increasing certainty of President Cleveland's renomination, or some equally potent influence, has caused Mr. Hill to retire from the field. As but one candidate on the Democratic side is now seriously mentioned, Mr. Cleveland's presentation for a second term is as reasonably certain as any future political event can be.

On the Republican side the problem has been somewhat simplified, but it has not yet been solved. The utmost that can be said is, that, taking the situation as it now stands, the choice of the party seems likely to fall upon either Sherman, Blaine, Depew, Harrison or Allison. Senator Allison has not, so far as is known, secured the pledge of many votes outside of Iowa; but he is strong in the confidence of the party throughout the West, and he is likely, in the event of a prolonged contest, to develop a vigorous support. Some of his more ardent supporters apparently rest their hopes of his nomination on the assumption that he is the second choice of the friends of Mr. Blaine; but there does not seem to be any real ground for the belief that the Man from Maine entertains such a preference. On the contrary, it is broadly intimated that an understanding exists between Mr. Blaine and Mr. Depew, under which the latter is to receive the support of the former. But it may be doubted whether, in view of existing conditions and complications, Mr. Blaine, Mr. Sherman, or any other candidate, can transfer his votes or bodily hand over his supporters to another candidate, however desirous he may be to do so. The situation for the Republicans is rendered more complex by the equivocal attitude of Mr. Blaine. His friends, who are both active and numerous, are proceeding as if their favorite had not written the Florence letter of withdrawal. They count upon the fact that their candidate will be upon the ocean while the National Convention is in session, and that no troublesome inquiries can reach him concerning his candidacy. All the plans, indeed, of his foremost supporters imply a belief that Mr. Blaine would, after all, consent to be a candidate. We do not share this conviction; but it must be confessed that his popularity is still such that nothing but the complete breaking down of his health, and a definite statement that he will not accept if nominated, will positively prevent his nomination. But his election would be quite a different matter if the people should get it into their heads that the Florence letter was not written in good faith, but was a mere expedient to promote a renomination.

With Mr. Blaine out of the way, Senator Sherman would lead the field, and his nomination would be entirely possible. Should the final contest be narrowed down to Depew and Sherman, the latter would receive, doubtless, the vote of Indiana, California, Iowa, and that of almost the entire South and West. A combination on Harrison, as against Sherman, might prove more formidable. This meritorious grandson of a popular President is an available candidate, because, being a negative statesman and a rather colorless public man, he could probably unite those opposed to Mr. Sherman from all the elements and in all sections. If Taylor, Polk, Pierce, Hayes and Cleveland are examples to prove that less-known men "run" better than the most distinguished party leaders, then Harrison would possess advantages over Blaine or Sherman. But as a republic with over sixty millions of population needs and requires its most experienced and broadest statesmen to direct its affairs, it would seem desirable that the Republican leader in the approaching campaign should represent the best and highest statesmanship of the party, measuring up to the highest standards as to capacity and character.

A NAVAL RESERVE.

POLITICAL considerations do not seem to enter into the plan for a Naval Reserve force, which appears to be worthy of support as a sensible public measure irrespective of politics. As Secretary Whitney points out in his letter to Mr. Whitthorne, Chairman of the Subcommittee of the House Naval Committee, under such a system a body of men, supporting themselves by ordinary civil pursuits, would be enrolled and trained by the Government. This body would be sufficient for the Government's purposes in time of war, and the expense would be comparatively small. With an annual expenditure of less than \$2,000,000 England maintains an auxiliary naval force twice as large as the entire American navy. It is evident that, in case of war, and even with unlimited appropriations, a very long time would be required for the construction and equipment of vessels and the recruiting of crews of suitable material. The maintenance of a large standing navy in time of peace would not be con-

sidered justifiable, and under present conditions, therefore, a war would find us wholly unprepared. Some improvement has been recently made in our navy, and more may be hoped for, but this does not lessen the practical utility of the Reserve plan. Many of the wealthy yacht-owners of the country have already signified their cordial sympathy with the plan. Its adoption would give the Government a reserve of yachts and merchant-vessels, so prepared that they could be almost instantly converted into cruisers. Remembering our great extent of coast-line, its unprotected condition and the slight protection which our navy could give to American commerce, the plan for a Naval Reserve is fully justified as a defensive measure, to say nothing of the value which it might have as a means of aggression. Moreover, the effect upon the morale of seamen and officers would certainly be beneficial.

THE MOVEMENT TOWARD CHURCH UNION.

THE movement for city evangelization which has been started in Brooklyn is of itself an important sign of the tendency of modern religious thought. Under the general auspices of the Evangelical Alliance which held a conference in Washington last year, a Brooklyn Alliance has been formed, with officers and managers representing every evangelical denomination. The city has been divided into districts, each containing some twelve or fifteen churches and about 50,000 people. Each church appoints one supervisor and ten visitors for each one hundred members. Each visitor will have about ten non-church-going families to look after, and will visit them once a month, not in the interest of any denomination, but in behalf of all; the aim being to find out the denominational preferences of each family and to bring the members into relation with a settled pastor. The Secretary of the National Alliance points out, as one result of our indiscriminate immigration, that while only one-third of the entire population of the country is foreign-born or of foreign parentage, this is true of three-fourths of the people in our large cities, which are the home of the anarchist and the saloon, and it is in these cities that the need of evangelical work is greatest. As a matter of fact, Brooklyn (and probably other cities) shows a falling off in the proportion of churches and church attendance. This movement means actually going to the people and personally urging them to come within evangelical influence.

This admirable and practical work is worth noting, not only for itself, but also as an illustration of the tendency of the time toward church union. There are some conservatives who oppose bitterly any attempt to soften the asperities of creeds or to do away with denominational barriers, but this number is decreasing. Professor Park, of Andover, has predicted that the next movement in Protestantism would be the reconstruction of theology along the great historical lines which had been too much ignored for speculative theological opinions. Scientific study of Church history has been tending to divest the plain facts regarding the early Christian communities of the traditions which had obscured fundamental truths. Dr. Philip Schaff, an evangelical veteran, is at the head of the "American Society of Church History," which is an important factor in the liberalizing movement. The Episcopal Church has been prepared to forward a practical unity of Church denominations ever since the noble Dr. Muhlenberg led the way in 1853. The partisan religious Press has largely ignored this tendency, but it has found free expression in secular magazines and in the daily Press. The utterances of Dr. Shields, the action of the Congress of Churches, and the Declaration of the House of American Bishops, have all been agencies working in favor of unity, and papers in the *Princeton* and *Andover Reviews* have given utterance to the spirit of the time. Dr. Abbott, in the *Christian Union*, has constantly advocated a union upon a creed so broad and simple that no sincere believer could be repelled. All this means that the Church, instead of standing aloof, and fortifying itself by difficult barriers, is to be thrown open and to become the common meeting-ground of humanity.

Every man who believes anything has some form of religion, and if he can believe in the love and majesty and justice of God and the saving power of Christ, conditioned upon repentance, the details of his creed seem to us of minor importance. But whatever final form this movement toward Church union may take, its general extent and force are among the significant and encouraging signs of the time.

GOVERNOR HILL'S ENTANGLEMENTS.

THE testimony before the State Senate Investigating Committee puts Governor Hill in no enviable position before the public. There are strange bedfellows in the world of politics as well as in the tenement-houses of poverty, but not even political necessities can excuse the Governor of a great State for maintaining close relations with official jobbers. To have written such letters as the Governor wrote to Rollin M. Squire was already bad enough, but the Governor did worse. He knew of the Squire-Flynn letter—in which Squire agreed to allow Flynn to control the office of Commissioner of Public Works—and of its existence in March, 1886; and Mr. Ivins testified that he and Governor Hill together examined the Penal Code, to see whether an indictment

based upon the letter could be sustained. This examination the Governor made, not to assure himself how the laws might be enforced and a corrupt official brought to punishment, but to find whether the statute could not be evaded. He went beyond this. Some months later, Flynn, in the presence of Ivins, Thompson and Martine, said, speaking in the name of the Governor, from whom he came, that the Squire-Flynn letter ought not to be used, and that if a prosecution were based upon it, Governor Hill would have something to say. Martine asked: "Do you mean to tell me that if I see fit, in the course of duty, to present an indictment, the Governor would think of removing me?" To this Flynn replied, "Yes."

The other witnesses are not yet examined, but the evidence already taken has made Governor Hill an impossible man for any party to carry. This is, so far as he is concerned, the most important result of the investigation; but for the public it is absolutely trivial in comparison with the revelations it makes of cynical contempt for principle among those in power. This is the thing to be kept before the people, with iteration constantly repeated. Not until each citizen makes it his first duty to require in a candidate for office personal integrity rather than any other quality will it be possible to give to this great State, the richest and the most populous in the Union, a worthy administration.

No graver matter can engage the attention of the people. Little has been done when a chance exposure relates one unscrupulous politician to private life, if his successor is to be chosen with the old indifference to character and by the old corrupt methods. To charge these upon party organization is to repeat a parrot-cry. A free country must have parties; but freemen must have, also, clean hands. Liberty has been overthrown always and everywhere in the same way, by the connivance and co-operation of the men willing to be bought with the man who abuses his power to buy them.

SCHOOLS AND PATRIOTISM.

THE power of enthusiasm is the strongest power known to history. By its miracles have again and again been wrought, miracles of moral as well as of practical achievement. It was enthusiasm that won American independence when everything seemed to point to colonial subjugation; an enthusiasm of patriotism, which, though not rising to a very high level during the later discouraging years of the Revolutionary War, was deep and earnest, and all-pervading, and which convinced the English Government of the futility of continuing the struggle.

It is in such an enthusiasm of patriotism that nations found their best hopes, and it is especially true of the American Government that on such a spirit its stability depends. The freedom and elasticity of our institutions makes America the arena on which conflicts of all kinds are to be brought to their ultimate issue. This fact implies an exceptional danger, and the fact that the contending parties are very generally American citizens not by birth and inheritance, but by the mere incident of naturalization, makes the danger very much greater. The important questions of the day—especially the great labor question, which, with its countless accessory problems, is at once the most fundamentally important, the most intricate and the most imperative question of the age—must find their final solution, not in Germany, or France, or England, but in America; and yet those who in every conflict of opinion are numerically the strongest party are barely Americans. They have none of the instinctive fealty to the country which would lead them to protect its institutions at the cost of any personal disadvantage, even of any temporary loss. They are not patriots in any sense of the word. They are not citizens for any practical purpose except their own individual advantage; and in this fact, quite as much as in the ignorance and unreason of the majority of them, lies the danger of a disastrous solution of the questions which now concern the world.

The ignorance and unreason are in a degree curable. No country offers better facilities than ours for the enlightenment of men's minds up to a certain point. But the want of patriotic enthusiasm is a more difficult matter to reach. A suggestion of help made by a school official some time ago seems entirely worth consideration. It is a simple thing: nothing more than that the singing of a national hymn or patriotic song should form a part of the daily opening exercises of our public schools. As sixty per cent of the public-school children of New York are of foreign parentage, the school is their only opportunity for education in patriotism. The influence of song upon enthusiasm, and especially upon patriotic enthusiasm, is well known. Its use would be entirely legitimate and desirable in such a case as this. It is gratifying to learn that the Committee on the Course of Study in the New York Board of Education has recently taken this suggestion into consideration; and it is to be hoped that not only here, but elsewhere throughout the land, there may not much longer be occasion for the serious reproach conveyed in Mr. Robert Burdette's pointed parody:

"I cannot sing the old songs,
I do not know the words."

METHODISTS AND THE PASTORAL TERM.

PERHAPS the most important question that will engage the attention of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church just commenced in this city is the "time limit," or the extension of the pastoral term to more than three years.

It is not generally known that for more than twenty years after the organization of the Methodist Church in America there was no limit to the term of the pastorate. A preacher could stay in any one charge as long as the Bishop desired. The term, however, was usually short, being often only three or six months. Strong men and ambitious men began to anchor themselves in the large cities, and the Bishop found difficulty in getting the material he needed to supply the circuits. The tendency to lengthen the pastorate was especially observable in this city, where some men became so popular with their charges that Bishop Asbury said he could not part them up without tearing the churches they served to pieces. Therefore, he asked the General Conference of 1804 to put a limit to the time a preacher could remain in one charge, and it was placed at two years. This remained the limit till 1864, when it was changed to three years. At the General Conference in Philadelphia, 1868,

years ago, a strong effort was made to extend the term to five years, but it did not succeed.

Some of the delegates to the present Conference will oppose any change, some will ask for the removal of the limit altogether, some will ask for five years, and there will likely be a compromise which will extend the term to four years. Some who desire no change will vote for four years because they are afraid the revolution that is imminent in the Church on this subject will sweep away the limit entirely, unless some concession is made to it. Methodism has always shown her wisdom in her ability to adjust herself to the new conditions of society. In the early history of this country she saw that her mission was evangelistic, and her preachers were simply missionaries moved from post to post, preaching the truth and gathering the unchurched people "into the kingdom." As the converts multiplied and there came a necessity for their organization and culture, as the population and institutions of the country became more settled, she saw the demand for pastoral as well as evangelistic work, and allowed the preachers to hold their fields for longer periods. And the marvelous growth and stability of the Church during the past twenty years can be traced partly to the extension of the term to three years. The salutary effect of the change is admitted by almost everybody in and out of the Church.

The lawmakers of the Church are very conservative—slow to make any change. Recognizing the success of the polity of the Church as a whole, they hesitate to touch any of its features lest they should make a change for the worse. It would be supposed that the Bishops, who have no limit put on their term of office; that leading laymen, who do not change their customers or clients or cities every three years, whether there is any reason to do so or not; that presidents of colleges, who can stay a lifetime in one place; that editors and other officers of the General Conference, who are elected for a term of four years; that Presiding Elders, who can stay four years in one place, would favor a change that would afford their brother-ministers—the pastors who carry the heaviest of the church work—the same privileges and advantages they enjoy; and yet if there is any opposition to the change, it will probably come from the classes above mentioned. Individuals of all these classes, however, will favor the change, and probably help to bring it about. The rank and file of the church-members, the pastors of almost all the thrifty churches of the denomination, and universal public sentiment outside of the Church, would rejoice at the change. Most of the opposition to the change is based on the fear that it would injure the itineracy. But the appointments as now would be for only one year, with the privilege of four. The change from two to three years did not injure the itineracy, nor would the change to four or five years.

The rush of people to the cities makes a longer pastoral term in them a necessity for Methodism if she would retain the hold she now has on the thought and life of the nation. The extension of the term to four or five years, while it would not restrain the hand that would establish circuits in the rural districts and on the frontier, would leave the other hand free to plant greater stations in the great cities, and immeasurably increase her influence for good.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FINANCE.

THE successful conversion of nearly \$2,500,000,000 English 3-per-cent. consols into new consols, bearing 2½ per cent. interest for fifteen years, and 2½ per cent. for twenty years thereafter, is indicative of the tendency which the rate of interest is taking in all wealthy countries. It was in 1844 that England made its last great conversion. Then, under a plan proposed by Mr. Goulburn, some \$1,240,000,000 of 3½-per-cent. stock was converted into 3½-per-cent. stock for ten years, and 3-per-cent. for twenty years thereafter. For thirty-four years English consols have stood at 3 per cent., and it is not surprising that, when Mr. Goschen proposed his plan for reducing the rate of interest to 2½ per cent., with an ultimate reduction to 2½ per cent., there were grave doubts as to the possibility of its being carried through successfully.

It is true that the holders of consols were invited either to accept the lower rate or surrender their consols for redemption. But it was apparent that if the holders of about \$2,800,000,000 consols should all refuse to accept the reduction, it would be no easy matter for the Government to find purchasers for so large an amount of new stock, or place itself in a position to enforce its alternative threat. The conversion, however, has proceeded with no material check, and English 3 per cents will shortly be a thing of the past.

The fiscal operations of the English Government in the line of forced refunding of its debt naturally call up the refunding operations of the United States. In March, 1881, when Secretary Windom entered upon his duties, he found that there were \$469,000,000 of 5-per-cent. bonds and \$202,000,000 of 6-per-cent. bonds which had matured, but which the Government was unable to pay. Outside of the surplus revenue, the only resources at the command of the Secretary for paying off the bonds were to be found in his authority to issue \$104,000,000 of 4-per-cent. bonds, being a part of those authorized by certain Acts of Congress and remaining unused. Mr. Windom, with a zealous regard for the interests of the Government, hit upon a plan by which he forced the holders of the bonds to accept a reduction in the rate of interest. He attacked the debt piecemeal, first calling for the redemption of \$195,000,000 of 6-per-cent. bonds, at the same time offering to continue them "at the pleasure of the Government" at 3½ per cent. There were about \$178,000,000 so extended, and then he took a similar course with \$400,000,000 5-per-cent. bonds. Within two months more than \$579,500,000 of 5 and 6 per cent. bonds were voluntarily presented by the holders for conversion into 3 per cents, effecting a saving of nearly \$10,500,000 per annum for the Government.

This was done without a single concession being made by the Government, and without the creditor gaining even the semblance of an advantage or receiving the shadow of a consideration. As a bold feat of financiering it is without parallel. To accentuate the advantage gained by the Government, Congress in July, 1882, offered the bondholder the further privilege of having the rate of interest reduced to 3 per cent., and \$305,000,000 of the "extended" 3½ per cents were presented for that purpose, causing a further saving of \$1,500,000 per annum, and a total of \$12,000,000. The saving in the reduction of interest on the English consols is only about \$6,000,000 now and about \$12,000,000 ultimately, and to effect this the Government has given its consols a guaranteed existence of thirty-five years.

A comparison of the credit of the English Government with that of our own Government would be favorable to the latter. In 1844 England made its conversion, at 3½ per cent.; in 1842 the United States placed 6-per-cent. bonds at a discount of 2½ per cent., and in 1843 a 5-per-cent. loan at about par. In 1854, when the rate on English consols was reduced to 3 per cent., most of the interest-bearing debt of the United States was paying 6 per cent., but 5-per-cent. loans were placed at par in 1857 and 1858. Now, United States 4½-per-cent. bonds, redeemable in three years, command a premium of 8 per cent., and 4-per-cent. bonds, redeemable in nineteen years, a premium of 25 per cent. In the one case less and in the other

only a little more than 2 per cent. is realized to the investor, while the new English consols, which are quoted at par, pay 2½ per cent. The credit of the United States is such that there is not the slightest doubt that a 2½-per-cent. bond, running a less time than the consols, could be placed by the Government at par, or even at a premium.

RAILWAY EXTENSION IN CANADA.

THE conflict of authority which existed for some time past between the Government of Canada and the Legislature of Manitoba regarding the construction of the Red River Valley Railway to the international boundary-line has terminated in a recession of the former from its policy of disallowance. While there is no doubt as to the competency of the Dominion to prohibit a line of railway that infringed the rights granted by itself to the Canadian Pacific Railway, still the moral right of the Manitobans to build the railway in question was just as undoubted; and now that all obstacles to its construction have been removed, it will be pushed rapidly to its completion.

The bargain made by the Canadian Government with the Canadian Pacific, whereby it agreed to the cancellation of its monopoly privileges, is so favorable to the Government, that even the members of the Opposition have had nothing to say against it. For the surrender by the company of its monopoly the Government guarantees the issue of \$15,000,000 Canadian Pacific Railway land-grant bonds, bearing interest at 3½ per cent. To protect the Government in the event of any failure of the railway company to meet its obligations, and to cover the annual interest-charge, 14,000,000 acres have been placed as security. Should the proceeds of land-sales, charges against the Government by the company for mail service, and the carriage of militia and Indian supplies, leave a deficiency in the interest-charge on the bond issue, it will be met by a demand of the Government on the surplus resources of the company; so that practically the Government is secured against any possible loss.

As justifying the changed policy of his administration, Sir John Macdonald stated in a recent letter to Premier Greenway of Manitoba that the reasons which formerly existed for protecting the Canadian Pacific did not now obtain; and that the great and unexpected harvest of last year, and the increased area proposed to be sown this year, proved that additional facilities would be required for the transport eastward of the agricultural products of the Northwest. One of the first roads to be benefited by the abandonment of the policy of disallowance on the part of the Canadian Government will be doubtless the New Westminster and Southern Railway, in British Columbia.

It is stated on good authority that the Dominion Government has decided to grant a money subsidy of some thousands of dollars per mile to the Winnipeg and Hudson Bay Railway. Quite recently evidence was taken before the Canadian Parliament relative to the adaptability of the territory along the banks of the Mackenzie River, in its more southern section, for settlement, and before long railway communication will be demanded to that portion of the Dominion.

It rests with Governor Hill to determine whether in the State of New York the liquor traffic shall pay a tax measurably commensurate with its cost to the community. The State Senate last week passed the High-license Bill precisely as it came from the Assembly; and as the Bill was framed to meet the objections made by the Governor to the Act of last Winter, which applied only to New York and Brooklyn, it is difficult to see how he can justify a refusal to sign it. But Governor Hill is fertile in expedients, and he may succeed in finding a way out of the dilemma in which he is placed, even though it be at the expense of consistency and a further loss of popular esteem.

A CONVENTION of Southern Governors and other prominent men, to the number of three hundred, was held at Hot Springs, N. C., last week, with a view of organizing a movement to secure immigration to that section. Resolutions were adopted for the establishment of a Southern Immigration Society, with headquarters in New York, and the most hopeful feeling prevailed as to the outcome of the undertaking. The Association is to be regulated by a board of directors composed of one member of each Southern railroad or other corporation, trade, industrial or other organization in the State, county, city or town situated east of the Mississippi River that will contribute a sum of \$1,000 towards the expenses of the Association on or before July 1st next. The great natural resources of the South have only to be properly set forth, backed by intelligent organization in the several States, to secure a largely augmented immigration in that direction.

THE Fool-killer is kept so busy on land that, apparently, he has no time to devote to the extermination of the misguided breed of men who perennially haunt the sea in search of buried treasure. Last Fall the yacht *Maria* left New York on a mysterious mission, which has since proved to be a search for \$1,500,000, supposed to have been buried on the coast near Belize, Central America, more than half a century ago. After a Winter of hard work, wholly fruitless in results, officers and crew have recently been landed at a New England port minus their yacht—which went to the bottom—the money they coveted in the enterprise, and several months of valuable time, with nothing to show for it but a tough and wholly disheartening experience. This is one of the many kinds of experience which come high, but which a certain sort of folk must have. It would be a good thing for them—for all such as they, and for every one concerned—if they could learn that the only wealth that is sure and satisfactory is the treasure-trove of honest, hard work, industriously and conscientiously performed.

GOLDWIN SMITH, an Anglo-Canadian whose mission in the Western Hemisphere seems to be in large part anti-Hibernian, and whom Disraeli once derisively alluded to as the "Oxford Professor," signaled his presence at the banquet of the St. George's Society, the other evening, by departing from the usual genial forms which obtain at festive dinners, and indulging in a good deal of loose talk about American antipathy towards Englishmen. All who read are aware that this vigorous champion of the pride and might of Britain yearns to stay the current that is always swelling in volume and which will ultimately land the Irish ship safely and securely in the harbor of Home Rule. Consequently, when he sees that American sentiment believes in historical justice to the Emerald Isle, he at once construes that fact as indicating malign hostility to his native land. This, as was pointed out, at the dinner named, by the ready-tongued Chauncey M. Depew, is contrary to the fact. There is no such hostility, and, as Mr. Depew added, both John Bright and Mr. Gladstone would receive popular acclaim and a royal welcome should they land on these shores. The reports tell us that this mention of Gladstone's name provoked hisses, and of course they came from Englishmen, and represented, in bad taste enough for such an occasion, partisan rancor. As the greatest Englishman of his time, Mr. Gladstone would certainly have an ovation here such

as no living statesman could possibly receive, for, notwithstanding he did us a wrong during the Civil War, was a subscriber to the Cotton Loan, and proclaimed that Jefferson Davis had "founded a nation," the busy years of a well-rounded, distinguished, and, indeed, noble and remarkable career, have all been directed towards the elevation and enlightenment of mankind.

SOMETHING of a sensation has been caused in Louisville, Ky., by the action of one of the Presbyterian churches in summoning two of its members, who are wholesale liquor-dealers and distillers, to appear before the Church session to show cause why they should not abandon their business. A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says that "no men have stood higher in the esteem of the business and social community in Louisville than the whisky men. They have been first in commercial pursuits and Church councils, and the crusade against them is the more remarkable for the reason that this is the first step ever taken in Kentucky to turn a whisky-dealer out of the Church. It is rumored that other churches in the city will take this matter up, and maybe all whisky men will have to leave the Church or give up their business. It is further stated also that the whisky people intend to start a church of their own." A Church composed entirely of persons engaged in the whisky business would certainly be a curiosity; but it begins to look as if, with the quickening of public sentiment concerning the whole liquor question, it may actually become necessary for people of this sort to herd by themselves in the manner proposed.

THE patriotic citizens who have been elected to misrepresent the City of New York as Aldermen have passed, over the Mayor's veto, their amendment giving themselves the privilege of ordering the display of flags of other nations over our City Hall. The mental calibre of these gentlemen may be gauged by the speech of one of them, who undertook to "defend" citizens of Irish birth by charging that the Mayor's father, fifty years ago, had the royal arms of England over the door of his store in this city. The "charge" happens to be false, but it probably seemed unanswerable to the Aldermen, who passed the amendment over the veto by a vote of 20 to 3. Nobody expected anything much better from a Board composed of such material. The grasp of any principle is wholly beyond men whose only aim is to keep "solid" with their constituents, and carry out "deals," either political or financial. If the "boodle" should be forthcoming, or if "constituents" demanded it, we might see the advertising banners of clothing houses, quack-medicine manufactories or breweries floating over the City Hall. As a matter of fact, the Aldermen have made a spectacle of themselves to no purpose, since they cannot overrule the Mayor's orders in regard to the display of flags other than American until the occasion for flying them is past.

It would be well if more judges had the courage of Judge Tuley, of Chicago, who recently delivered a pointed lecture to the divorce litigants, scandal-lovers and reporters who crowded his courtroom. "I am satisfied," he said, "that the publication of these divorce proceedings has a bad effect upon the public morals. If the public taste is so vitiated as to demand the publication of these proceedings, it appears to me that the newspapers ought to be better than the public. As to those people who gather here to listen to the recital of evidence suitable to their depraved taste, I propose hereafter to admit none save those who may find seats. I have been obliged on more than one occasion to order young girls who come in parties of from five to a dozen to leave this courtroom." Thereupon the bailiff cleared the courtroom, and "there was many a red face as the 'person of depraved taste' passed out of the room." The evils thus condemned are certainly deserving of even severer censure. Chicago's unenviable reputation for divorce suits may be partly due to the notoriety given them as well as to the lax laws. It is a crime against morality to spread the details of such scandals before the public, thus fostering a prurient appetite. As for the girls and women who gather to listen to the indecent revelations of such trials, they deserve restraint by force, since a sense of propriety seems wholly wanting.

THE continued vitality of De Lesseps's Panama Canal scheme is something extraordinary. It has been demonstrated that the route chosen was unwise and practically impossible, and changes made in the original plans have amounted to a confession of serious miscalculation. It has been made known that progress in the work has been unimportant, that many of the slight results attained have been obliterated by floods or other causes, and that the cost in money and human life has been so fabulous that the execution of the project must be regarded as a dream. Yet De Lesseps not only continues to keep his bubble afloat, but he has even succeeded in securing a report in favor of his Lottery Bill from the Committee of Initiative of the French Chamber of Deputies. This report advises that the Panama Canal Company be authorized to raise \$70,000,000, on the lottery plan, with the Government's approval. M. de Lesseps and his friends are jubilant, there was a boom in the shares on the Bourse, and speculators made the most of the opportunity. Human credulity is past understanding; but a bitter day of reckoning cannot be long deferred. Deputies and the Government must fear the bursting of the bubble, for the peasants, bourgeoisie and members of the lower middle class throughout France have put their savings and small capital into this disastrous enterprise. When the crash comes it will shake all France, and no Government in any way identified with the Panama Canal will be able to stand against the popular indignation.

THE Champion has returned to Sluggertown, and projects a greater shadow than the Bunker Hill Monument, announcing that he wishes to meet two prominent gentlemen in the same business "for \$10,000 a side." He further says, "Should they fail to make good their boasts, and come to this country and give exhibitions, as they propose to do, I will follow them all over this country and drive them out of it or make them fight." In any place but Boston this language would be called the vulgar bosh of a cowardly ruffian, but the Hubites clap their hands and give the pugilist their approval and an ovation. We suppose, however, that there are some people even in that town who would like to see Sullivan behind bars or compelled to come down from his brutalizing eminence so debauching to the American youth; but certainly his personality is permitted to dominate all others in that capital—seer, sage, philosopher, statesman, poet and politician. The wise men of Concord, the lights of Harvard, the Adams family in a lump, and even Ben Butler and the Hoar brothers, cannot obtain the daily publicity, the telegraphic fame and the enthusiastic plaudits of the street throngs which are exhibited in the case of this citizen. We might mildly suggest that the Press itself is to blame for its mistaken use of its columns; when the daily and other journals cease to make a record of the goings and comings of such revolting characters, they will sink into local obscurity, and eventually into the walks of honest toil, instead of becoming national idols as they are. The publicity given to the pugilist distributed among a hundred honest men would give them fortune and deserved fame; but in the present state of society such a thing apparently is not to be.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 183.



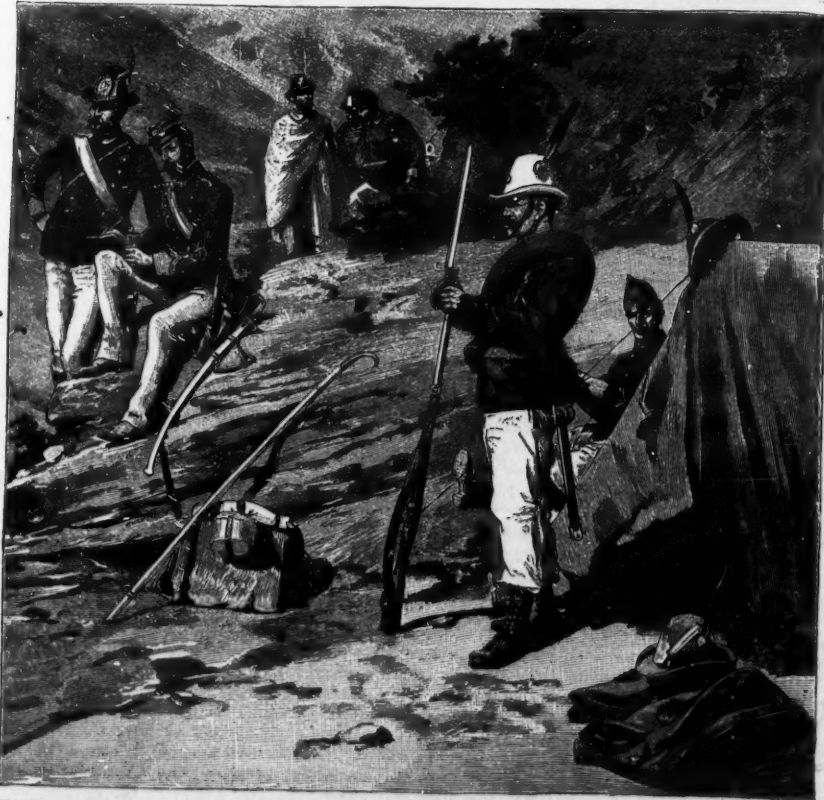
FRANCE.—M. MÉLINE, PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.



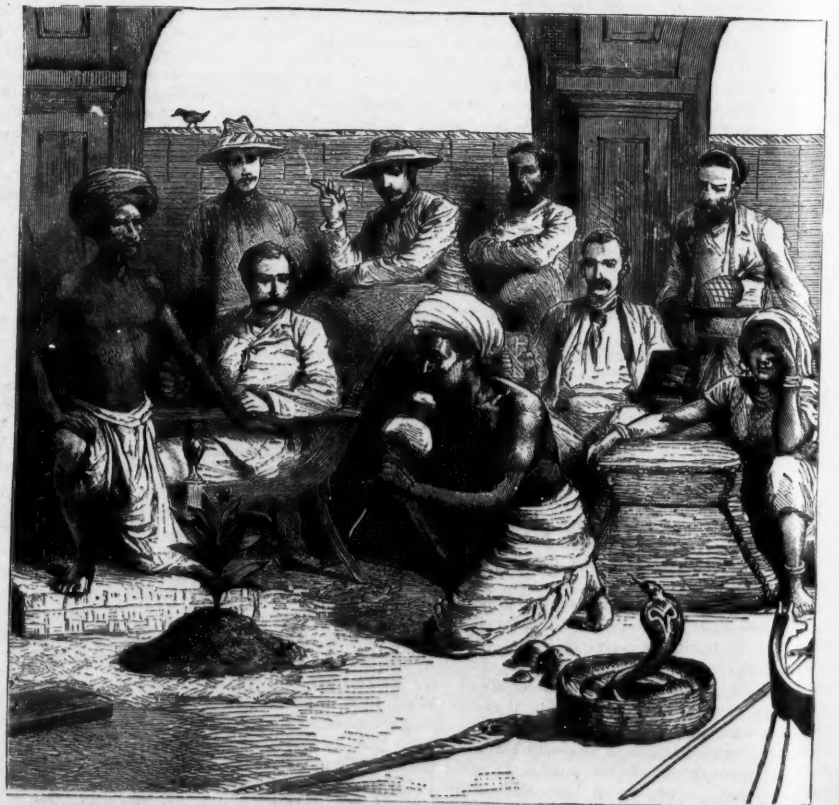
RUSSIA.—REVIEW OF TROOPS BY THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER III, BEFORE THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.



GERMANY.—ICE-GORGE AND OVERFLOW OF THE RIVER ELBE, NEAR DOMITZ, IN MACKLEBURG-SCHWERIN.



ITALY.—A CAMP OF ALPINE GUARDS IN THE MOUNTAINS, NEAR THE NORTHERN FRONTIER.



INDIA.—NATIVE MAGICIANS PERFORMING THE FAMOUS MANGO-TREE TRICK.

GOVERNOR RUSSELL A. ALGER
OF MICHIGAN.

GOVERNOR ALGER of Michigan is a conspicuous figure in the somewhat numerous group of possible Presidential candidates; and his chances have already been so much discussed, especially since the springing up of Alger clubs all over the State of Michigan, that the propriety of classing him among the "dark horses" may soon be open to question. The undoubted popularity which he enjoys in his own State has considerable ramifications abroad, as was demonstrated by the manner in which the California Republicans fêted him during his recent visit to the Pacific Coast. General Alger certainly possesses uncommon claims upon the esteem and affection of his fellow-countrymen. His record, public and private, is unimpeachable; his ability as a civil administrator has been tried and not found wanting; in business affairs his success has been conspicuous, even among the rapid fortunes of the West; while his war record gives him a prestige which is by no means confined to military circles. In short, it would not be easy to name another man possessing so many of the elements of strength upon which is founded the unrivaled popularity of Mr. Blaine. If he should happen to be nominated by the Chicago Convention, he would set the running at a lively pace.

Governor Alger was born in Medina County, Ohio, fifty-two years ago, brought up on a farm, and educated at the Richfield Academy, paying his own way by hard work. He studied law at Akron, and was admitted to the Bar in 1859. Just before the war he went up to Michigan to look after some lumber interests there. When the war broke out he recruited a company of cavalry at Grand Rapids, and was mustered into service as Captain of Company C. He soon became a successful cavalry officer, and took part in no less than sixty-six battles and skirmishes, fighting under Sheridan and Custer, and receiving two wounds. He rose to the rank of Colonel, and upon his retirement on account of ill-health in October, 1864, he was breveted Brigadier-general and Major-general for "gallant and meritorious services on the field." General Alger went to Detroit after the war, engaged in the lumber business, and dealt in pine lands. While still a comparatively poor man, he married one of the belles of Grand Rapids. Looking after his business interests as carefully as he had after his regiment, he became rich, and is said to be to-day a millionaire. He is fond of fine horses, as well as of good pictures, and owns some first-class specimens of both. While always a leading Republican, General Alger never held nor sought a salaried political office until he was elected Governor of Michigan.

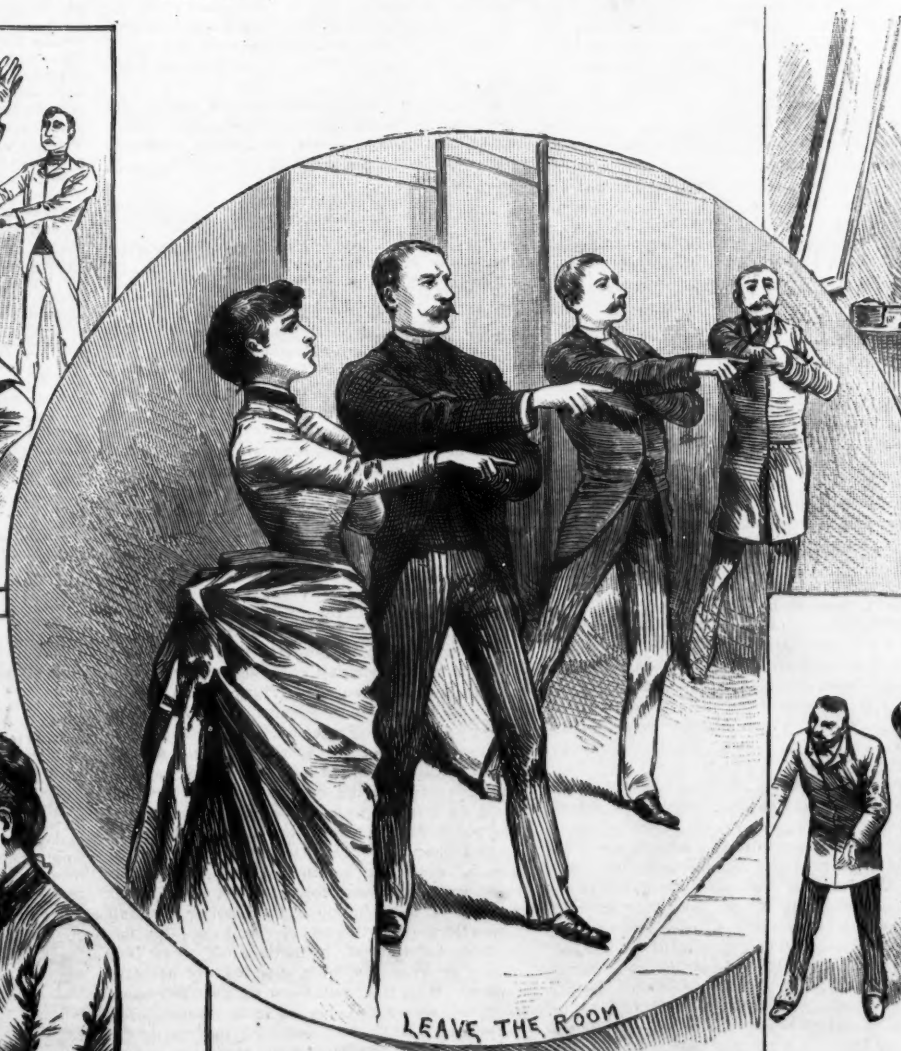
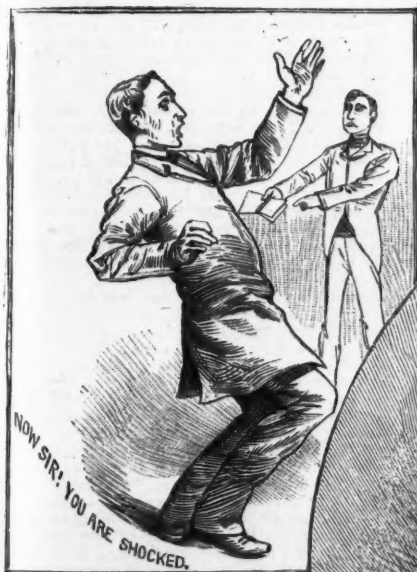


MICHIGAN.—HON. RUSSELL A. ALGER, POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.
PHOTO. BY TABER, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE NEW YORK SCHOOL OF
ACTING.

THE school of dramatic art which occupies congenial quarters on the top floor of the New York Lyceum Theatre building, and which also avails itself of the regular stage of that house for rehearsals and practice, is, we believe, the first and only fully equipped and practical institution devoted to the systematic artistic training of future actresses and actors for the American stage. The pressing need of such a school is at once apparent when we consider that the old "stock company" system, upon which beginners formerly depended for their education in the traditions of the stage and the classic repertory, is practically extinct in this country. There are to-day scarcely half a dozen stock companies—that is, regular organizations permanently established in and identified with their own theatres—in all the United States. The foremost of them all—Wallack's, of New York—ends with the present season a brilliant career which has extended over a generation. The "combination system" now prevailing compels the young actor or actress to travel "on the road," playing perhaps only one or two rôles, and those of an inferior class artistically, during the entire season. That systematic training in the principles and technique of his art which alone can enable the actor to attain a high standing in his profession, and give an ethical value to his work, must be acquired outside of the regular theatre, as at present constituted. To furnish this training is the primary object of the New York School of Acting.

Mr. Franklin Sargent, the Director of the school and its principal instructor in dramatic action, has organized a staff of teachers covering all the departments of dramatic science and stage practice. Most of these—notably Mr. David Belasco, the well-known dramatic author, and stage-manager of the Lyceum Theatre—are identified with the work of the leading metropolitan theatres. The school year is from October until May, and the complete course covers two years. The pupils go through a daily and unremitting stage-drill, and the thoroughness of their preparation is shown by a glance at the school's various departments, with their subdivisions. There are, Action, including bodily exercises and calisthenics, attitudes, gestures and facial expressions, and pantomime; Diction, with exercises for the development and management of the voice, breathing, technical drill in the reading of "lines," etc.; Stage Effect, with its infinite detail of "business," walks, entrances and exits, groupings and characterizations, and regular rehearsals of comedies, emotional and classic plays; and Make-up.



THE NEW YORK SCHOOL OF ACTING—METHODS OF INSTRUCTION ILLUSTRATED.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.

or the use of the grease-paint, powder, wigs, india-ink, and other materials essential to outward transformation of character. The essential accomplishments of fencing and dancing have also an important place in the curriculum; and there are regular lectures upon costume, hygiene, literature and dramatic art and science in general.

The young gentlemen and ladies are usually drilled in stage practice in groups of ten each. Some of these drills of the dramatic "awkward squad," so to speak, are very funny—all the more so for being quite business-like and in earnest. A line of bright young pupils recoil from the visitor in horror, or piteously appeal to him for charity, or flout him with lofty scorn, or make burning declarations of love at the word of command from their instructor; and when he is ready to go, they politely show him to the door, with a flourish and effusion that bear an almost painful semblance to sincerity. One might fancy that the School of Acting would be a perfect paradise for the stage-struck young persons who are so numerous in our modern society; but it is not—there is too much real work about it. Moreover, a strict entrance-examination excludes all who do not show positive promise in the dramatic line; and the judicious choice of pupils is proved by the fact that the majority of those already graduated from the school at present occupy positions in professional organizations of first-class standing.

MEETING EYES.

WE said good-by to our buried past,
And wept and mourned by the lonely grave
For the beautiful life that could not last—
The treasure no tenderest prayer could save.
Then into the world we turned away,
And sorrow walked with us day by day.

A faded flower and a torn white glove—
Letters—a lock of hair, half curled—
Poor, sad bequests of our dear dead love,
Yet worth the wealth of the whole wide world.
A shell, a pebble, may tell aright
Of the ocean's depth and the ocean's might.

We made a grave, and we said good-by.
Ah, foolish dreamers! we moved apart,
And thought, in our folly, Love could die,
While life throbbled on in the brain and heart.
"Now all is over," we sighing said,
Since Love, the cherished, lies cold and dead.

Nor so, beloved—ah, never so!
For, whenever your dear face comes in sight,
Heart springs to heart with the old, warm glow,
And silence speaks with the old delight.
An empty grave in the sunshine lies,
But Love still lives in our meeting eyes.

MADLINE S. BRIDGES.

SMANTHY.

THE point which I had reached in the long, sinuous ascent was as high as the crests of the range of hills beyond the valley to the westward. Dazzling shafts of light came straight and level across the undulating line of dark-green with which the distant declivities were covered, and I found myself in the warm glow of a Summer sunset.

Three miles away, by the road I had come, but appearing to lie almost at my feet down in the valley of Salt Creek, was Georgetown, the only village in Indiana populated by gold-miners. Nor are they miners, in a strict use of the term, as their labor consists only of washing the yellow dust from the beds of sand along the creek, where, according to one of those wonderful stories which geologists tell, it was dropped by a melting glacier from the far north.

But however its presence may be accounted for, there is a very light sprinkling of gold dust through the sand along the "creek" just at this point, and a score or more of slow-moving men, by close industry and tedious washing and sifting, continue to maintain a laborious existence. The reckless extravagance and lucky "finds" which have been associated with the richer mining of our Western States are lacking here, and there is simply, and without exception, heavy labor with its meagre returns. Even the unkempt farmer who "tends his 'craps'" along the rocky hillsides of the surrounding country has a better opportunity to wrest a competency from the soil than has the "gold-digger."

As I stood half way up the ragged brush-grown hill, the valley below was in shadow, and the windings of the "creek," from bluff to bluff of its restricted bottoms, appeared plain and white away to the north, where a jutting promontory closed the view. Agriculture has made light inroads on the heavy growth of timber which hides the angles and ravines of the earth's warm bosom. Here and there an irregular "claim," inclosed by a rude brush fence, showed like an ugly patch on the green mantle.

"I reckon you don't see many likelier sections o' kentry than that thar, stranger?"

The speaker had come down the hill unnoticed, as I stood looking at the wild landscape and the beautiful touches of color which the sun was laying, with lavish generosity, upon the highest of the dark, uplifted masses opposite me.

"It surely is a sight worth coming far to see," was my scarcely candid reply.

"Yes, sir," he continued, taking the words for the highest praise; "when Cajer Pauley an' me left Carliny, we never 'lowed we'd find sich a kentry as this hyar un. That 'uz nigh onto twenty-five year ago, an' I reckon I'll die an' be buried in the graveyard down thar at the diggins. That's Cajer's corn-patch over yander, an' that smoke risin' up behind them trees is from his cabin. I 'low Smanthy's gittin' supper."

"Is Samantha Mr. Pauley's wife?"
"Who? Oh, yes, Smanthy—yes, she's Cajer's wife. I reckon you 'uz never in these parts much, stranger, er you'd a-beered about Smanthy. You see it 'uz this hyar way with her: she wuzn't like Cajer, fer he alluz said he didn't keer whether the waves on the trees 'uz green er blue, ef he could raise a crap o' corn to suit him; an' ef the rocks wanted to be big an' have moon on 'em, an' little

cricks o' water a-tumblin' down over 'em, he 'lowed it made no difference to him so they wuzn't in the way o' workin' his claim.

"But, ez I 'uz a-sayin', Smanthy wuzn't like Cajer. She 'uz alluz a-talkin' about the hills a-bein' so purty an' green in the Spring o' the year, an' she'd nigh a'most take a fit about a little spring o' clear like water a-runnin' over the rocks er tricklin' out from under the roots o' a tree. Seemed like she 'uz sort o' weakly, too, an' not peart an' rugged like Cajer's side o' the fambly. Many a time I've seed her go down to the spring below them trees you see over thar whar the smoke is, an' set down on a rock an' jes' set an' look up hyar at this hill without sayin' a word fer sometimes half an hour, in the evenin' when the sun 'uz a-shinin' on the top, the way it is now, an' ever'thin' down yander in the holler 'uz still an' sort o' dark like. She set a heap o' store by flowers, too, an' when the johnny-jump-ups an' dandelions begun to come out an' the weather 'uz a-gittin' warm she'd go up in the woods an' gether all she could carry.

"Cajer, he used to 'low sometimes that Smanthy ort to be a-doin' somethin' to help take keer o' the children, 'stead o' traipsin' around the timber; but she'd only sort o' smile like, an' say the best part o' her life 'ud be a-lackin' ef she couldn't see the purty things that 'uz so common ever'wheres.

"Well, one day, about fifteen year ago, Cajer'd gone down to the diggin's to git a grist o' corn ground fer to make corn-bread, an' Smanthy got the cabin redied up an' went up the hill behind the truck-patch an' into the woods, to look fer flowers an' to see whar the children 'uz a-doin'. When she got up thar about forty rod, she could smell somethin' a-burnin', an' purty soon she heard the children a-screamin' like bein' killed. She run up the hill through the bushes an' turned around the pint of a sort o' offshoot o' the bluff, an' then she seed whar 'uz the matter. They had made a fire in the leaves that laid on the ground thick over Winter, an' it had spread out an' got clean around 'em, an' when Smanthy see 'em, it 'uz a-burnin' turble fierce an' gettin' closther to 'em ever' minit. She never stopped her runnin', but jes' went tearin' right through them blazes ten foot high, an' grabbed the two youngest, an' held 'em clost agin her breast an' bent her head down over 'em like, an' run out to a safe place. Then, without stoppin' to take a breath, she run back agin—fer the fire 'uz a-drovin' up into a mighty small ring by that time—an' grabbin' the other one o' the children up, she hugged it clost, an' sort o' wrapped her dress around its head, an' then run out with it.

"When they started down to the cabin, Smanthy made the children lead her, she 'uz burnt that bad, an' seemed like she couldn't see very well, fer she kep' a-stumblin' an' askin' the oldest gal which way to go.

"Along in the evenin', Cajer, he come home, an' went in the cabin hungry as a houn'; but supper wuzn't ready, not even a fire burnin' in the stove. He 'uz powerful vexed, an' axed whar Smanthy wuz. The children said she 'uz a-settin' down to the spring. He up an' went a-tearin' down thar, purty mad, an' thar she set on the rock, a-cryin' soft, an' tryin' to look up hyar at the sun a-shinin' on the top o' this hill. She heard him a-comin', an' sez she, kind o' quiet like, afore he could open his mouth: 'Cajer,' sez she, 'I'm that burnt that I'm blind, an' can't see the sunshine n'r the flowers n'r the children no more.' An' then she bust out cryin' like she'd die.

"Cajer went back to the diggin's an' got the doctor, an' he 'tended on her fer nigh onto six months. Her face 'uz allus kind o' smooth-like an' white, an' her eyes 'uz blue an' big an' looked plumb through a feller, afore that; her hair 'uz sort o' crinkly, too, like the shaller warter in the creek whar it runs swift; but when she got well, they 'uz big scars all over her face, an' her hair 'uz ez stiff an' straight ez wire, an' the wust thing 'uz that she 'uz that blind that she couldn't tell whether it 'uz day er night.

"After that it seemed like she 'uz sort o' stupid, an' nothin' Cajer n'r any o' the neighbors could do 'ud make her chirk up. She jes' set there quiet, an' never said nothin' hardly, an' every day when the sun 'uz a-shinin' she'd have one o' the children lead her down to the rock by the spring, an' then she'd turn her face up to'rds this hill like she 'uz a-tryin' to see the yellor light on the trees an' rocks up hyar.

"I reckon her a-grievin' an' a-sorrowin' that way sort o' changed her, fer she got to be like a child agin. The children 'uz a-growin' up, an' they set a heap o' store by ther mammy, recollectin' how her sufferin' all come from her savin' them; an' Cajer, too, seemed like he 'uz a-tryin' to make up fer bein' contrary sometimes afore she 'uz hurt. Yes, they take mighty good keer o' Smanthy now, an' she seems kind o' happy an' jes' like a little gal.

"That's why I said a while ago that I 'lowed Smanthy 'uz a-gettin' supper. She thinks nothin' 'ud be done ef it warn't fer her, an' the rest o' 'em, they don't say nothin' to contrary her. She scrapes the taters, an' strings the beans, an' ever'thin' o' that kind, an' then after she gits done one o' the children takes 'em an' goes away whar she can't hear, an' fixes them all over agin, fer not bein' able to see, she can't do it right. When they git done eatin', nothin' 'll do but she must have a rag an' dry the dishes, and then one o' the gals wipes 'em agin. It makes a feller feel kind o' curus in the throat to see Cajer huntin' around in the woods fer flowers fer Smanthy to hold in her hand an' smell of, 'cause he don't keer nothin' for sech things, an' 'ud a heap rather be a-workin' in the clarin'. Yes, the fambly is mighty good to Smanthy; but I 'low, ef she hadn't a-ben good to them, it's them, an' not her, as 'ud be a-settin' around to be waited on—ef they 'uz a-livin' at all.

"You must be a-goin', must you? Yes, it is a-gettin' quite late, an' ef you're aimin' to git to

Nashville to-night, you won't have much time to spare. Good-evenin'; that's my cabin you'll go by, up thar on the right hand of the road.

"Oh, say, stranger! Look down thar, jes' a leetle to the left o' that bunch o' timber. Do you see somethin' white an' small-like, thar? Well, that's Smanthy; she comes out thar ever' evenin' when it's gettin' sort o' dark down in the holler, an' looks up to'rds the sun a-shinin' on the top o' this hill."

QUESTIONABLE SCHOOLTEACHING.

THE effort to produce morals by a sort of mechanism is one of the symptoms of a revived Puritanism that does not promise unmixed good. There is a growing body of writers and public speakers to-day who can give fluent receipts for making over society and government and individual character, as one gives a receipt for making a good dinner or a kettle of soap. If they were to make a tree, they would build up the bark first, then slip in the body, and wait for the sap to supply itself. But this is just contrary to the way nature and the social forces always work. The circulation in one case, and the high moral purpose in the other, make their own environment and result, and this process never goes backward. Nor can it be made successfully to reverse itself. The belief that it will is what gives us Georgeism and Prohibition in politics and a tyrannous enforcement of alleged facts that are disputed, or not proved, and sometimes the inculcation of palpable fallacies.

The tendency to which I refer will bear treatment in more than one direction, but it serves my present purpose to take a single instance only—the teaching of the physiology of stimulants in the public schools.

It has been thought by some very well-meaning but not very wise people that if you can only force certain dogmas upon the infant mind in reference to tobacco and alcohol, those articles will gradually go out of use. In consideration of this belief, laws have been passed in various States making it obligatory to teach the worst things that can be said of tobacco and alcohol in our schools, and teachers who are not equipped to do this are prevented from obtaining the requisite certificate entitling them to teach therein. Now, it is very doubtful if this novelty will do a particle of good to any child. The children, who would naturally not use these articles at all, or not use them in a blameworthy way, are now compelled to obtain information they have no use for. They are actually forced to know what, heretofore, was considered suitable knowledge only for fully matured minds.

Those who, from inherited tendencies, or from lack of will-power or moral stamina, are likely to justify the worst forebodings as to excesses, are now taught by the State, before they would otherwise have found it out, just what they are more or less preordained to do. The knowledge they will be sure to retain, while the moral of it will have no fascination for them, even if the way it is put does not at once suggest a disregard of it. Instead of stopping them from being smokers and drinkers, it will be a wonder if it does not hurry them a little earlier into the career which they are taught to shun.

A recent writer in *Science* gives a few of the questions which are addressed under this system, not to the advanced classes, but to little boys and girls of eight or ten years of age, and I append them below:

1. How can it be proved that nicotine is a poison?
2. Why are cigarettes especially harmful?
3. Is alcohol a food?
4. What is the effect of disuse upon a muscle?
5. Under what names is opium sold?
6. Under what names is alcohol drunk?
7. What is the difference between a food and a poison?
8. Is anything gained by changing from one narcotic to another?
9. What is the effect of beer as a drink?
10. How does cheerfulness help the muscle?

"These children," says the writer quoted from, "who ought to have about as much knowledge of such matters as they should of the methods in vogue at the Stock Exchange, are actually forced to learn by rote the details of human vice, and that, too, under the name of 'physiology,' the only science which they learn. Unconsciousness, *naïveté*, is the symbol of childhood. The fact that physiology, even if well taught, tends to destroy this trait, is the chief objection to its early study. Instruction such as the above implies crushes the most valuable trait in the child, directs its curiosity to what is morbid, and forces into precocious development all its dangerous elements. Not enough that the newspaper and dime novel proclaim in glaring colors the story of crime and sin—some notion of the perversity of human nature must be mixed with the food of babes. That the result of this teaching is to excite in the children a morbid curiosity to experiment for themselves in such matters; or (with the boys) to regard the whole thing as a lesson in 'goody-goodyness,' to which they forthwith decide to show themselves superior; or to regard their father, who takes his glass of wine at dinner, as an incipient criminal—this could easily have been foreseen, and goes without saying. If there is one method better than all others to produce a race of drunkards, this has good claims to that distinction. If there is a degree of wrong in such superlatively perverse methods, then it is still worse that the fair name of science should be outraged in this cause. Not only that this kind of teaching necessarily depends upon catechism methods (that the answer to the second question, for example, is to read that the especial perniciousness of cigarettes is due to the fact that they are usually made of decayed cigar-stumps); but that the entire idea of science thus implanted is as wrong as it well can be. Better far revert to the old days when there was no science in the curriculum than have science thus taught. The crowning educational virtue of science is that it leads to the use of scientific

methods of teaching; this usurper chokes up all possibility of an interest in the scientific."

A glance at the various text-books made for this sort of physiology fully justifies what this writer inveighs against. I have examined about a dozen of them, and find that they are not scientific, but are simply dogmatic tracts. The intelligent child, instructed in this way, will surely meet some day, as he grows older, the suppressed facts in the case; and, seeing that he has been tricked into a belief, will, perhaps, make too much of the dismissed points of view, and at last utterly abandon whatever wholesome truth there is in such *ex parte* teaching. For this is precisely the way a fraud on the human intellect works its revenge.

Just think of this logic, for instance, which is offered to young children, who are often themselves keen logicians. In one text-book of the kind referred to—which it is to be hoped has not yet made its way into many schools—some such question as this is asked: "If the Creator had intended that we should drink cider, would He not have made the trees produce it directly?" (I am quoting the idea simply, not having the exact words before me.) And the answer given is just what the implication in the question calls for. It asserts that He would. Now, suppose some Socratic boy should turn the tables upon the teacher, and ask him if it is right to use vinegar. He must either be to be consistent, or else have his whole system upset by failing to tell where the good cider-vinegar tree grows.

The truth is, the State has been asked to do by this new method what it is not competent to perform. Virtue and morals cannot be prescribed ready-made by the State, or perfunctorily taught. The hired schoolmaster is neither a parent nor a guardian, and no such machinery as this can complement that silent influence and example—coupled with a certain authority which exempts a parent or guardian from giving reasons—that should issue properly from that source alone. There is a way and a time and a place to teach temperance, as other virtues are taught. But to present "dissuaging examples" of the opposite to young children has neither science nor good sense for its support.

JOEL BENTON.

COWBOYS' DIVERSIONS.

THIS is the season of the toilsome round-up, which means many days of rough riding for the cowboys, and camping on the open plains. They have their diversions, however, one of the chief of which, the riding of a bucking steer, is depicted by Mr. Matt Morgan, with great spirit and fidelity, on page 177. These steers, which run wild on the prairies during the greater part of the year, are not much more tractable than buffalo bulls. To see a cowboy mount and ride one of them is as exciting as a Mexican bull-fight, without the latter's revolting cruelty; and the sport is characteristic of our stalwart American Cossacks of the Western plains.

THE END OF WALLACK'S THEATRE.

JAMES W. WALLACK, the father of Lester Wallack, left London when his reputation as an actor was at its zenith, and became manager of the National Theatre, at Leonard and Church Streets, New York city, in 1837. Since that time, the name of Wallack has been associated with the best dramatic art in America. The house on Broadway, at Broome Street, opened by the same actor-manager in September, 1852, was the first Wallack's Theatre proper, so that for a third of a century, at least, this name has stood for the leading comedy theatre in the United States. The Wallack's Theatre best known to the present generation is the one at Broadway and Thirteenth Street, now called the Star, but still the property of the Wallacks. This theatre was opened September 25th, 1861; and the speech made by the elder Wallack on that occasion marked his last appearance before an audience. He died in 1864. Here Lester Wallack reached the height of his career, both as artist and as manager. Born in New York in 1820, he was educated in England, but made his first appearance on the stage at the Bowery Theatre, in this city, under Hamblin's management. Under the name of John Lester he soon became a favorite; and at his father's house he developed into what he has remained up to the present day—a comedian unrivaled for elegance, dash and finish, whether in the old or the modern comedies. In roles like *Young Marlowe*, in "She Stoops to Conquer," and *Elliot Grey* in his own "Rosedale," he touched his high-water mark as an actor, and his performance of these will live among the traditions of our stage. The mention of "Rosedale" reminds us that Mr. Wallack has achieved considerable success as a dramatist. In this play, and his two others, "The Veteran," and "Central Park," all produced at the Thirteenth Street house, he appeared, and added to his reputation thereby.

The decline of Wallack's began with the removal to the new up-town theatre, at Broadway and Thirtieth Street, six years ago. This place has never been financially prosperous, and Mr. Wallack committed the serious mistake of engaging himself as a "star" at other New York theatres, thus actually playing against his own house. Two or three years ago his increasing lameness compelled him to give up acting, and his retirement will probably be permanent. His predilection for English actors, and particularly, during the past few years, for English melodramas, gradually lost his house its prestige as a representative and leading American theatre; and the successful rivalry of Mr. Daly and Mr. Palmer sealed its doom. Last year it passed under the control of Mr. Henry E. Abbey and his partners, who, unable to infuse new life into the old organization, have made a failure of the season. Hereafter this elegant playhouse, with its historic name, will be added to those theatrical hostilities which give temporary shelter to no-madic "stars" and "combinations."

We give a first-rate portrait of Mr. Wallack, together with those of dear old John Gilbert, handsome and dashing Rose Coghlan, Mme. Ponis, Effie Germon and Harry Edwards, who are the principal artists of the old Wallack Company remaining with it to the last. Mr. Gilbert, Miss Coghlan and Mr. Edwards will appear in the cast of "Hamlet," in the grand testimonial performance tendered to Mr. Wallack by his professional brethren and sisters, and which will take place at the Metropolitan Opera House on Monday, the 21st inst. Mr. Booth will play *Hamlet*, and Mr. Booth

Laertes; Mme. Modjeska, Ophelia; Joseph Jefferson, the First Gravedigger; Charles W. Coudock, the Ghost; Frank Mayo, the King, etc. The occasion cannot fail to be memorable.

FROM THE HARLEM TO THE HUDSON.

THE upper portion of Manhattan Island, and its somewhat complicated water-boundaries to the north, are just now the theatre of great engineering operations. As the magnificent iron viaduct over the Harlem Valley is approaching completion, work begins upon the ship-canal which is to be the future waterway connecting the Hudson River with the Harlem, the East River and Long Island Sound. The first Government appropriation, of \$410,000, for the work, was made some time ago, and will be expended upon the eastern or Harlem River end of the canal, for which Messrs. John Satterlee & Co. have the contract. Operations began there in the early part of this year, but progressed very slowly until the Spring weather came. Nearly 200 workmen are now engaged in building a coffer-dam just west of the Kingsbridge Road at Dyckman's.

The course of the canal is shown in detail in the map which we publish on this page. It will be 350 feet wide, and deep enough to allow the passage, at low tide, of vessels drawing 18 feet of water. The small portion of the canal now under way will probably be completed within a year; but for the entire work several years will be required, and more appropriations will have to be made.

AN OSTRICH FARM IN CALIFORNIA.

THE Kenilworth ostrich farm, near Los Angeles, is one of the sights of Southern California, and almost unique among American industries, though there is another establishment of the kind at Anaheim, Cal., and one in Florida. About sixty of the gigantic birds are to be seen at Kenilworth growing plumes and laying eggs enough to pay for the enterprise, which began with an extensive importation from Natal, Africa, some years ago. This importation, however, is exceedingly costly, as the Colonial Government charges an export duty of £50 on each bird shipped, so that the value of an ostrich landed in California is from \$1,000 to \$1,250. Ostriches thrive in the "glorious climate of California," and their tail-feathers are superb. The visitor to the ranch is usually shown into the feather-room, where the plumes lie in sorted piles, from the poorest bits used for trimming to the long, graceful sweep, dear to the milliner's heart, but not particularly attractive until they have been sent to dyer, cleaner and curler, coming out in marketable shape. After the bird is fully grown a crop of feathers develops naturally once a year, but three clippings are generally made in two years by cutting every eight months, and drawing out the quill stumps when dry. Great caution must be used in selecting the feathers, so as not to draw blood, the fully ripe ones coming out without pain to the bird, which must be fed at intervals on green food to prevent the quills from twisting. Alfalfa (and sometimes chopped cactus) is used for this. The female lays twenty-five to thirty eggs at a batch three times a year, or from seventy to ninety in all, and will average ten to fifteen chicks to a brood. The mother is not a good sitter, and will generally give out in two weeks, while six are needed for incubation. The male, however, with praiseworthy devotion, sits on the eggs at night, and reverses the order of things by allowing his wife to roam the corral. As a rule the incubator is used, and the artificial mother always owns her offspring, keeping them in a comfortable warmth of 100 to 130 degrees in the shade. The eggs can be used for food in the ordinary manner, and the custards, omelets, etc., made from them, are said to taste like the everyday article, save for being a trifle richer.

South Africa, of course, supplies the bulk of feathers for the world. They amount in value to £1,000,000 sterling. Egypt exports to the value only of about £25,000, and the Barbary States £20,000. The enterprise is too young in America as yet to be placed in competition with Africa, but there is every reason to anticipate a fine future.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

M. MÉLINE.

M. MÉLINE, the "dark horse" who came suddenly to the front in the recent French Ministerial crisis, to replace M. Floquet as President of the Chamber of Deputies, is a Lorrainer, and was born at Remiremont in 1838. Formerly editor of a Republican journal in the Vosges, he was elected to the National Assembly in 1872. In 1877 he was Under-secretary of State in the Department of Justice, and in 1881 he became Minister of Agriculture. He has since taken his place among the adherents of M. Jules Ferry.

THE CZAR AT REVIEW.

A spirited picture from a sketch made by a Russian officer at St. Petersburg shows the Czar, Alexander III., on horseback, reviewing a troop of cavalry on the plaza before the Winter Palace. The Emperor rides his favorite white horse, and presents a fine figure as an equestrian.

THE FLOODS IN GERMANY.

The broad River Elbe, in its course through the low lands of Mecklenburg and Brandenburg, is liable every Spring to ice-gorges and overflows similar to those which periodically devastate the Ohio, Missouri and Mississippi Valleys. During the past few weeks the German river has committed terrible ravages along its right bank, particularly in and about the town of Dömitz, at the confluence of the Elde with the Elbe. Houses, farm material and live stock have been swept away by the icy floods, and many human lives have been sacrificed. Some of the adventures of individuals, and even of entire families, with their animals, on the floating ice, are amongst the most thrilling of the kind ever recounted.

ITALY'S ALPINE REGIMENTS.

The Alpine regiments, six in number, form a special organization in the Italian army. They are recruited in the mountain regions where they belong, and which in time of war they have the advantage of knowing. They are instructed in the defense of hills and mountain-passes, the destruction of roads, etc. In case of an invasion by way of the Alps they are expected to arrest the head of the hostile columns and give the main army time to mobilize and concentrate in the Valley of the Po. Their officers are in general men of mark, graduated from the higher military schools. The frontier of the Alps is divided into six zones, according to the nature of the country, among which the Alpine regiments are divided, according to the importance or strength or weakness of the passes they are expected to defend. Similar regiments have recently been formed by the French on their side of the Alps, in Savoy.

INDIAN MAGICIANS.

Our Indian picture shows the performance, by native conjurers, of the most extraordinary and celebrated trick in their repertory. The chief conjurer, according to the account of the English artist, "exhibited a dried mango-seed to the spectators, and then planted and watered it in a mound of earth brought for the purpose. Aided by no sleeves, dress, or paraphernalia, he waved over and covered the small plot with a silk handkerchief. When he raised this for the first time a young shoot with leaves had appeared. Again the silk handkerchief was lifted, and it was disclosed the crisp young plant putting forth a few more leaves and stalk. All the spectators were carefully watching and observing the movements of the great artist. He was himself tremendously excited, and when successively, with more waves of the handkerchief, the mango-tree had grown in stature to a couple of feet high, with clean green leaves on a stalk which sprang from the interior of the stone that was firm with its roots in the undisturbed, moistened earth, there was a tumultuous burst of applause. He then handed round leaves which he broke off the sturdy little tree. All the beholders declared this performance most wonderful, and all sorts of arguments and theories were started to explain how such a seeming impossibility could be effected."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE Pope has issued a decree condemning boycotting and the Irish Plan of Campaign.

DEALERS estimate that thirty-five million grain-bags will be needed for this season's California wheat crop, of which the State mills can only turn out about three million.

A GREAT popular demonstration in favor of General Boulanger was made in Paris on the 27th ult., on the occasion of a banquet given by him to some of his followers. Boulanger denies that he aspires to a Dictatorship.

THE Senate Committee on Education and Labor has resolved to report favorably the constitutional amendment prohibiting forever the manufacture, importation, exportation, transportation and sale of alcoholic liquors in the United States.

A WIRE rope half a mile long, six and one-fourth inches in circumference, and weighing seven and one-half tons, has been manufactured at Gateshead, England. There are six strands of nineteen wires each in it, the breaking strain of the whole being 175 tons, and that of each wire in the rope 120 tons, to the square inch. This immense rope is to be used in a colliery in North Wales.

A "BOULANGER" FIGURE is the latest success in Parisian cotillions. The gentlemen turn up their coat-collars, put on blue spectacles, and walk down the ball-room with a slight limp, in imitation of the disguise which General Boulanger is said to have adopted when he came to Paris on the sly. A lady chooses the gentleman who best resembles "our little Ernest," and waltzes with him, limp and all.

NOTICE has been given in the French Chamber of Deputies of the proposed introduction of a resolution, signed by 112 members, representing the necessity of amending the present system of international law, and expressing a particular wish for an understanding between France and the United States, with a view to obtaining the definitive acceptance of the principle of arbitration among civilized nations.

THE annual report of the Union Pacific Railway shows that the gross earnings of the entire system increased from \$26,280,186 in 1886, to \$28,557,765 in 1887, while operating expenses increased but slightly, leaving the net earnings of \$10,890,033, against \$8,867,972 in 1886. Since 1884 the funded debt has been decreased \$955,149 and the floating debt has been cut down \$7,301,867, a total decrease in the debt of \$8,257,016. Meantime the mileage has increased 651 miles.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MARC ANTONY is in the grocery business at Atlanta, Ga.

SPEAKER CARLISLE gives it as his opinion that Congress will not adjourn before September.

PRESIDENT CARNOT is making a tour of France, being everywhere received with great enthusiasm.

SENATOR CULLOM declares that he is not a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination.

COLONEL MAPLESON, the operatic manager, has settled with his creditors for the lump sum of \$2,500.

COUNT HERBERT BISMARCK has been appointed Prussian Minister of State and Prussian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

MAJOR-GENERAL CROOK has been assigned to the command of the Division of the Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago.

THE will of the late A. S. Abell, of Baltimore, bequeaths most of the estate, including the *Sun* newspaper, to his sons and daughters.

A LONDON paper announces the approaching marriage of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to Miss Endicott, whom he met while in the United States.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL has been chosen by the New York Legislative Committee to deliver the Memorial, in the Assembly Chamber, in honor of the late Roscoe Conkling.

JUSTUS SCHWAB is one of the German Socialists pardoned by Emperor Frederick. He can return home with impunity, but prefers New York for a field of business and agitation.

THERE is a rumor that Minister Phelps will be made Chief-justice, Secretary Endicott sent as Ambassador to England, and Hon. Patrick Collins, of Massachusetts, appointed Secretary of War.

ONE HUNDRED friends of John L. Sullivan gave him a dinner at the Quincy House in Boston on Wednesday evening of last week. Sullivan made a speech, but most of his talking was done by newspaper reporters.

PRESIDENT and MRS. CLEVELAND have been invited to attend the musical festival at Petersburg, Va., beginning May 8th and continuing one week. The invitations are signed by 400 children who are to sing on Children's Day.

THE Empress of Russia is said to do a great part of her household sewing, and as she has a household of seamstresses, it must be that the latter are principally employed in ripping out the august lady's needlework.

REV. DR. THOMAS ARMITAGE celebrated, on the 22d ult., the fortieth anniversary of his settlement as pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York. He has since tendered his resignation, but will not immediately withdraw from his duties.

THE United States Senate was opened with prayer, one morning last week, by Rev. Dr. H. Pereira Mendez, a Jewish rabbi of New York. Dr. Mendez wore his high hat during his prayer, much to the surprise of the Senators, who did not seem to be aware that it is not the custom of rabbis to uncover their heads when offering prayer.

A READER OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER—Mr. C. H. Haynes—writes from Fort Scott, Kan., warmly applauding Mayor Hewitt's action on the flag question. He says: "Mayor Hewitt has shown himself to be a true American—one to whom all may do homage. Such acts and such men cannot be honored and respected too highly."

"OUR buildings are fairly papered with elocutionists' signs," New Yorkers said to Mrs. Harriet Webb, when she started to establish herself here as a teacher, seven years ago. "We will build on another story with merit," laughed the fair and plucky Western girl. To-day she is famous as a reader and a teacher, and stands in the front rank among teachers of the art of expressing ideas through the person.

REV. DR. FRANCIS L. PATTON, President-elect of Princeton College, has frequently declared himself heartily in favor of all sorts of athletic sports practiced by college men, provided that the games are placed under the proper restrictions. He gave a practical instance of this last week, when he presented four tennis courts, which had been prepared under his own instructions, to the students of the Theological Seminary.

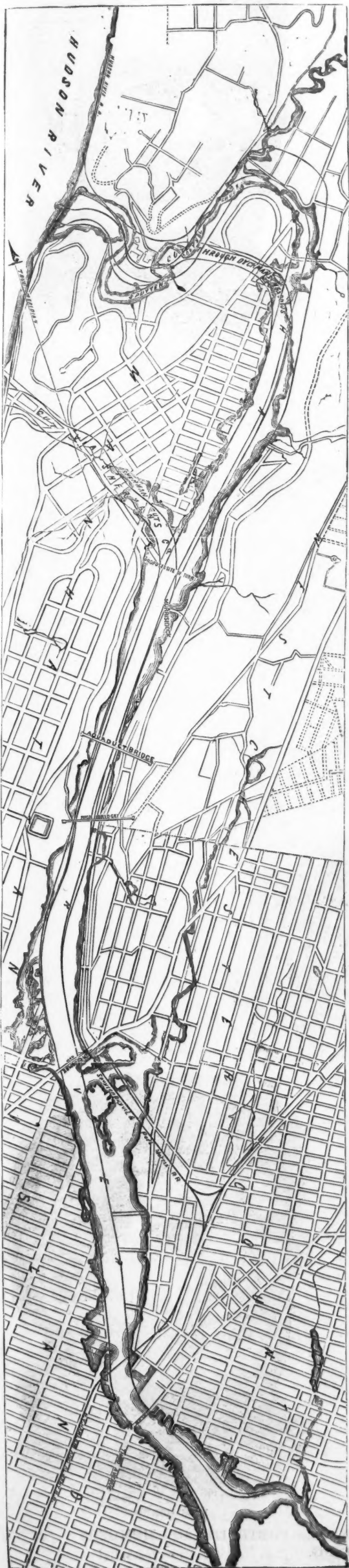
THE baby King of Spain's second birthday is to be kept in Madrid by a monster *fête* to the school-children. Each child will wear a little medal with the young King's portrait, while Alfonso XIII. and family will have similar medals in gold. Twelve thousand meat pies, as many cakes and oranges and fifteen hundred pounds of sweets have been ordered to regale the little ones, who will sing hymns and odes to their juvenile sovereign.

QUEEN VICTORIA was most cordially received by the populace of Berlin during her recent visit. Her meeting with her daughter, the Empress, and with the sick Emperor, was marked by the tenderest affection, and she seems to have received in court circles all the consideration befitting her rank. The Emperor's condition at this writing has sensibly improved, and the physicians are encouraged to hope that his life may be prolonged for some time yet.

THE late Emperor William left a fortune of 24,000,000 marks. Of this sum, 3,000,000 marks is bequeathed to Empress Augusta, and 1,000,000 each to the Grand Duchess of Baden, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess and Prince Henry. Prince Henry also received an estate which was purchased for him for the sum of 1,000,000 marks by the late Emperor. The Crown Treasury receives 12,000,000 marks, and the remainder is absorbed in various bequests.

MME. BIRO DE MARION's grand operatic concert is announced for Wednesday evening, May 9th, at Chickering Hall. The eminent *prima donna* will appear in scenes from "Norma," the opera in which some of her greatest triumphs at Munich, Milan, and elsewhere in Europe were won; also in the second act of "Der Freischütz," besides singing one or two favorite songs. She will be assisted by well known artists and a good chorus, and Mr. Coventry Waddell will recite.

It was said of the late Roscoe Conkling that he could repeat many verses from memory, not fragmentary lines or brief stanzas, but whole epics, page by page. The odes of Horace in the original were as familiar to him as the "Psalm of Life." He could recite the first book of Homer, Bryant's translation (which he considered the best), almost without an error, and a portion of the third book, which he said reminded him of the tramp of a marching army. His favorite poems were "Lalla Rookh" and "The Lady of the Lake."

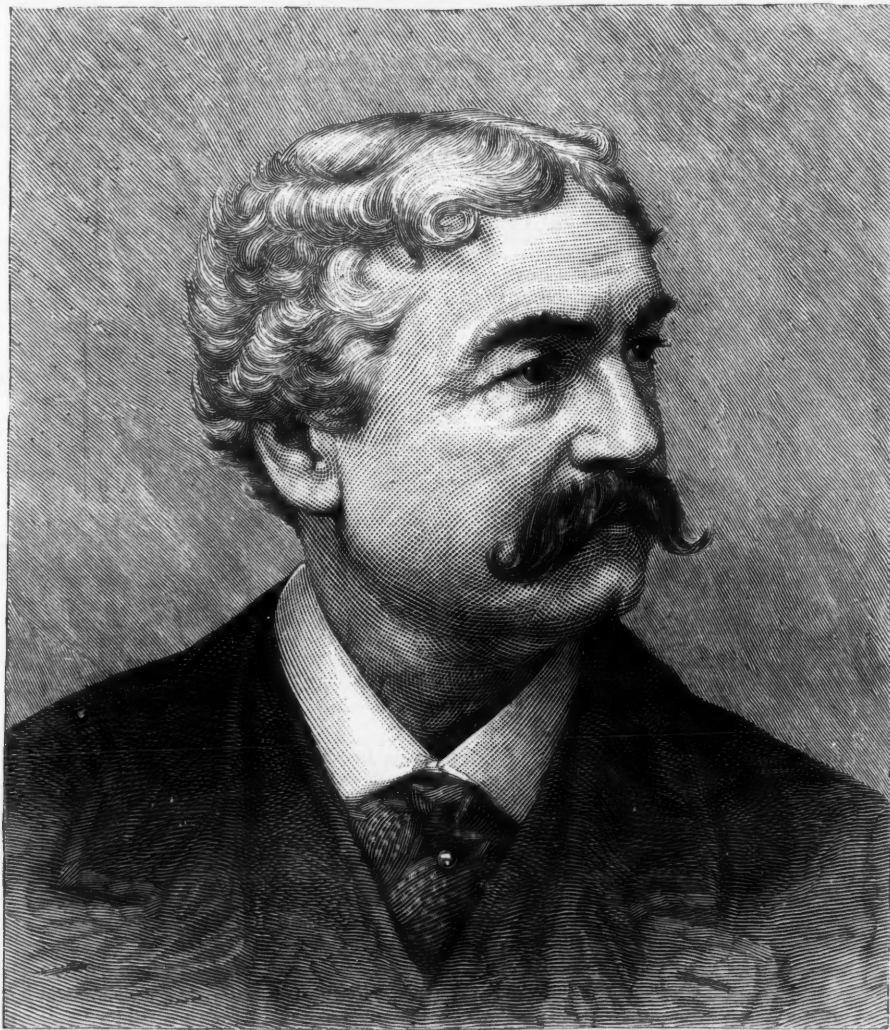




JOHN GILBERT.



HARRY EDWARDS.



LESTER WALLACK.



MISS COGHLAN.



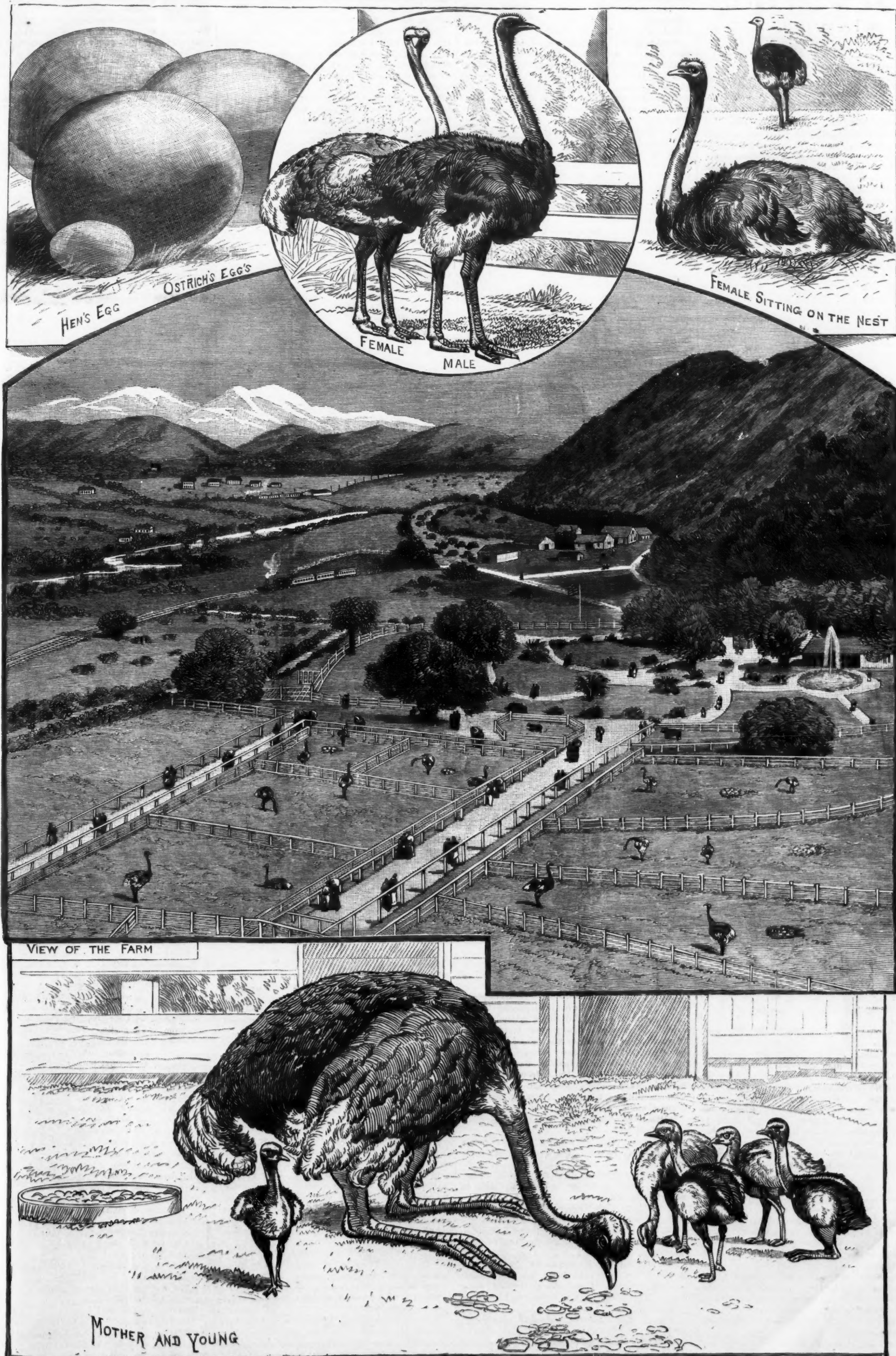
MME. PONISL.



MISS GERMON.

NEW YORK CITY.—LESTER WALLACK'S FORTY YEARS ON THE AMERICAN STAGE—PORTRAITS OF MEMBERS OF THE FAMOUS STOCK COMPANY NOW DISBANDING.

PHOTOS. BY PACH.—SEE PAGE 182.



CALIFORNIA.—THE KENILWORTH OSTRICH FARM, NEAR LOS ANGELES.
FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK BELT.—SEE PAGE 183.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

BLACK BLOOD:

A PECULIAR CASE.

BY

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES," "THIS MAN'S WIFE," "THE PARSON OF DUMFORD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

BOOK II.—AFTER A LONG LAPSE.

CHAPTER XII.—THE CHESTNUT'S REVENGE.

"AND still a private, Jack?" "Yes, lad; still a private." "After five-and-twenty years in the regiment." "Somewhere about, more or less. When a man gets as old as me, he don't want to know so very exactly how old he is."

"And when he gets to seventy or eighty he likes to seem older, eh?"

"Dessay, my lad; but I've never been seventy or eighty yet, so I don't know. Ah, you ugly-looking brute, showing your teeth! I'd like to knock 'em out. Like to break my other arm? Don't go too near him, my lad."

The last was apropos of the dark-chestnut horse, which kept turning its head round, and straining at its halter, as if to get at the fine, bluff-looking grisly-haired soldier leaning against the stable-door with his arm in a sling.

"I'm getting used to him," said Rob, "and the other too."

"Nice pair of 'em," said the man, passing his hand tenderly over his injured arm. "Wonder my arm wasn't smashed. That chestnut will kill somebody one of these days. I wonder the colonel let him stay."

"No fear, Jack Thompson," said Rob, laughing, as he busied himself cleaning some of the horse's trappings. "And so you've been all these years and never obtained your promotion?"

"Never wanted it that I know of," said the man. "I've been officer's servant so much to the colonel: knew him before he was married."

"And never thought of leaving the army. Why, you're long out of your time."

"Yes," said the man, shortly; "but I wanted to stay on."

"Why?"

"Reasons, lad, reasons. I'm all right."

"Except your arm."

"Cept my arm, and that'll soon mend."

At that moment Dick entered the stable with a pitchfork over his shoulder, and his brow grew heavy as he saw who was talking to his young companion.

"Hallo, lively one!" said Jack Thompson.

"Hallo!" said Dick, sourly; and as the big bluff lancer looked hard at him, he returned the gaze with rather a resentful stare.

"You always look at me, lad, as if you didn't like me."

"I don't," said Dick, shortly.

"All right; don't. You needn't. World's big enough for both of us to get along without running up against each other."

"It's only Dick's way, Jack," said Rob. "He's as good a fellow as ever stepped."

"Then why does he go about looking so black at a fellow? He's jealous, that's what's the matter with him."

"You're a fool," said Dick, shortly.

Jack Thompson laughed.

"Well, everybody in the regiment knows that," he said, good-temperedly. "I always was a fool."

Jack Thompson strolled away, and they saw him lay his hand upon Chip the trumpeter's shoulder and turn him round, just as the lad was coming up towards the stable-door, a favorite place with him—one where he seemed to like to lounge, and stand looking very smart and tight in his closely fitting uniform, saying little, but evidently affecting the company of the two new recruits.

"How is it you don't like Jack Thompson, Dick?" said Rob, as soon as the man was out of hearing.

"Dunno," said Dick, shortly. "Here, I'll finish cleaning them."

"No, you will not, old boy. I want to roughen my hands. I like Jack: he's a good fellow—bluff, not troubled with too much brain, but steady-going. I say, isn't he hanging on after that old servant of the colonel's—what's her name—Margery?"

"You seem to know her name very pat," said Dick, gruffly.

"Well, what of that? Why, I say, Dick, old chap, you haven't cast your eyes on her? Jack said you were jealous."

Dick glanced around before answering.

"Don't talk rubbish, Mr. Rob, sir," he whispered. "No, of course not. He meant jealous of him—because you two were so friendly."

"Well, why shouldn't I be friendly with a messmate—a fine old soldier of the regiment whom the colonel and Lady Cope always seem to respect?"

"Because you shouldn't make friends of those who are beneath you," said Dick, with unnecessary warmth. "I don't like Jack Thompson, and I never shall."

"Yes, you will, and—"

Rob ceased speaking, and picking up the piece of harness he had been cleaning, he began to polish very hard, his manner becoming suddenly so peculiar that Dick looked out of the open stable-door for the cause.

The ex-butler's brow grew more rugged as he saw Hulda and Lady Cope passing across the parade-ground in company with Captain Miller, who was evidently talking very earnestly to the former, and Dick's lips tightened as he mentally saw trouble ahead.

"It won't do," he said to himself—"it won't do. Poor lad! Poor lad! If I could only persuade him to be bought out, for there's the money; enough to buy us both off, and forty pounds to spare, for a fresh start abroad. Rob, my lad," he said, aloud.

The young man was so intent upon his thoughts that he did not hear.

"Rob, my lad."

No reply.

"Mr. Rob, sir."

"Hush, Dick!" he cried, starting into wakefulness from his day-dream; and, as he spoke, he glanced round the stable and then at his dirty hands, as if to bring himself back to a knowledge of what he was. "How many more times am I to speak to you about that? From the day we took the shilling that past was cut off from the present. What did you want to say?"

"Nothing," said Dick, coldly; and he turned and walked away.

"Poor old Dick! How jealous he is of my forming fresh acquaintances!" mused Rob; "or is it that I am more blind to my own nature, and he reads me in everything I say or do. Ah, well, they say life's an enigma. I can't guess what my future's going to be, but somehow I begin to feel very happy here."

He uttered a harsh cry of mingled terror, agony and despair, as he stood there in the empty stall by the door, where there was the most light for the task he had in hand; for, just as he was in the act of reaching up to hang the bridle he had been cleaning upon a hook at the end of the stall, the occupant of the next—the savage chestnut horse—suddenly threw his head over the partition, and, quick as lightning, seized him by the muscles of the chest with his teeth, and, by his great power of jaw and neck, literally dragged him over the division between the stalls, threw him down and held him there as a tiger would his prey.

Rob caught at the head-stall with both hands, and tried to force the savage brute away, but he was utterly helpless, the beast pressing him down as he kept his hold; and in addition, as Rob lay there, half fainting, the horse began pawing at him with his off fore-hoof.

In those brief moments of agony Rob was conscious of hurrying feet, of a shrill cry, echoed by a woman's shriek, and then of the hoarse, fierce voice of Dick, who came up, uttered a yell for help, and then, seizing the pitchfork which stood close at hand, began to rain blows upon the savage beast's head and neck.

It was like striking at a bulldog, and he redoubled his blows as Chip Tarn ran in, followed by Hulda and Lady Cope, who were returning across the parade-ground, and heard the cry for help.

"Stand back!" shouted the trumpeter, as he seized a broom-handle and began striking at the horse with all his might, while the two ladies stood in the open doorway petrified with horror.

"Let go, you beast!—you devil!" the lad shouted; but the horse seemed determined to wreak his vengeance upon his late rider, and, uttering a low, snorting noise, held Rob down, and kept on striking at him with his hoof.

"For Heaven's sake do something!" cried Hulda, in agony. "The poor fellow will be killed. Help! Help!"

The cries were bringing men from all parts, but it seemed as if moments would be sufficient to end the tragedy, as, after vainly striking at the horse's head, Dick dropped the fork, and seized the brute by the jaws and tried to tear them apart.

Hulda Cope saw Rob's eyes fixed wildly upon hers, and then Dick passed between and cut off the despairing look, as he sprang up, seized the fork once again, and now with a fierce cry of rage drew back, to strike no blow with the handle, but to drive the sharp tines with all his force into the horse's chest from just in the rear of his shoulder.

The effect was instantaneous. The horse reared up, striking his head against the floor of the loft above, and began pawing wildly in the air, getting one leg over the division between him and the next stall.

This gave a few moments' respite, which Dick seized, to drop the fork, and drag his young companion back towards the door.

He had hardly time before the horse fell sideways on his flank, right upon the place where Rob had lain, and began striking out with fore and hind legs, as if in the act of galloping, every stroke growing more feeble till he lay quivering and uttering low, rattling sighs.

"What's this? What's this?" cried Captain Miller, forcing his way through the group of men at the doorway, to see Rob Black lying upon a heap of straw, white, and staring of eye, Chip Tarn on one side holding his right hand as he knelt there with the tears running down his cheeks, and on the other side Hulda Cope, pressing her white handkerchief with both hands down upon the young man's bared breast, while the blood which welled from the hideous wound torn by the horse's vice-like jaws had saturated the white cambric on the instant, and stained the girl's delicate kid gloves.

"Miss Cope—Hulda," whispered Miller, "this is too horrible for you. For Heaven's sake come away!"

"Get help, Captain Miller," said Hulda, coldly. "I am a soldier's daughter, and shall not faint at the sight of blood."

"Yes—help—the surgeon, Captain Miller. Quick. The poor fellow will bleed to death."

"Where is he? Stand aside, men!" cried a quick, decisive voice; and the regimental surgeon hurried in.

"Tut—tut—tut!" he exclaimed, throwing off his gloves. "Let me come there, boy. Now handkerchiefs, quickly. Fetch the ambulance, some of you. That's better. Miss Cope, you had better go now."

"Can I not help, doctor?" she said, pleadingly. "No, my dear, I think not. I'll just try and check the bleeding, and then get him into hospital as quickly as we can."

Hulda took Lady Cope's arm and suffered herself to be slowly led away, feeling half stunned; but a pang shot through her before she had gone many yards, and she accused herself of not going

lessness as she encountered Chip Tarn's flashing dark eyes, which met hers defiantly, as he hurried by carrying a tumbler half full of brandy, which he had run to fetch from the canteen.

"Ah, that's right," said the surgeon, who was still busy with his temporary bandages. "The very thing. I thought you were scared, my boy, at the sight of blood. 'Yes; give him a few drops, and then a few more. Is that ambulance coming?"

"Here, sir," said a voice; and the litter was borne in, Rob carefully raised, and carried to the portion of the barracks used as an infirmary; and at that moment, the horse, which had been lying perfectly motionless, raised its head, and seemed to be straining over to gaze at the statuesque figure of Dick, who stood with his arms resting on the blood-stained fork. Then there was a deep sigh, the dying animal struck out wildly with its hoofs, a stream of blood gushed from its nostrils, and it was dead.

Utter silence reigned in the long stable for a few moments, and then Captain Miller said, in a harsh, authoritative voice: "How did this happen?"

"The brute seized the poor lad, and was worrying him, sir," said Dick, slowly, for all eyes were turned towards him.

"The horse seized Private Black," said the captain, harshly. "Then he must have been ill-using him. Well, what then?"

"I heard him call for help, sir, and I ran."

"Well?"

"And tried to get him away, sir."

"And why didn't you take the horse by his head-stall?"

"I did everything I could, sir, and beat him at last with the fork-handle."

"Yes."

"And he wouldn't let go, so I—"

Dick stopped.

"Yes," said Captain Miller, fiercely; "you were such a miserable coward that you were afraid of the horse, and you brutally stabbed it with that fork. You'll smart for it, my fine fellow. Arrest this man!"

Dick threw down the fork, and looked fiercely upon the captain. Then he dropped his eyes and marched silently off to the lock-up, saying nothing till he was about to be left alone, when he turned to Jack Thompson, who had followed.

"We're not good friends, Thompson," he said, hoarsely; "but you'll do a man a good turn when he's down?"

"Ay, to be sure, lad."

"Then come to the window now and then, and just say aloud how my poor boy is."

"Ay, my lad, that I will—and you'll shake hands now."

Dick gripped the extended hand, and there was such a look of agony in his eyes that bluff Jack Thompson pressed his fingers hard.

"Keep a good heart, old chap," he said. "He's young and strong; and as for the horse, there isn't a man in the regiment who won't be glad he's dead."

At that moment Hulda Cope, who had gone back to the colonel's quarters firm of mien, though deadly pale, was on her knees in her own room, sobbing hysterically, with Margery by her side.

"Don't, don't, pray, my dear, don't take on like that. It was too horrible for you to see, and her ladyship ought to have brought you away directly."

"Hush, Margery; don't speak to me," sobbed Hulda; "I can't bear it."

"But, my dear Miss Hulda, you shouldn't, you know."

"Margery!"

"Well, my dear, I must speak plain, and you mustn't be cross with her as nursed you ever since you were quite a tiny thing."

"I'm not cross, Margery; I'm not cross, only it was so pitiful to see. Margery—Margery—will he die?"

"No, no, no, my pretty; and if he did, you mustn't be breaking that poor little heart every time one of the common soldiers is killed."

"Margery!"

"Well, my darling, aren't I right? You were telling me the other day that if the regiment went abroad to the war in India, you should make Sir Philip take you so that you might learn to nurse; and when you told him so, he laughed, and said that you were to stop at home and get married, and learn to nurse something else."

"Margery, how dare you speak to me in that manner?"

"Because," said the old maid, fondly, "I want to make you think of something else, and it'll do you good to scold me well. Why, a soldier's daughter mustn't be scared like that at the sight of a little blood. Any one would think you'd be pale as ashes, and here's your sweet face all flushed and red and burning."

"Because I'm ashamed of myself," said the girl, hastily, "for being such a coward."

"Ah!—ah!—ah! Don't call names, my pretty," said Margery, bending over Hulda, and tending her as she had been wont to tend her as a child.

"Coward indeed! Why, you were as brave as the bravest. Jack Thompson says that you knelt down and held your handkerchief to the wound, and that he dare say it saved the poor boy from bleeding to death."

"Do—do you think it did, Margery?"

"To be sure I do; and if that's behaving like a coward, let's have plenty such cowards, I say. That's better! May I, my precious?"

Margery bent forward, asking permission to imprint a kiss.

"May you indeed! My dear, darling old nurse," cried Hulda, flinging her arms around Margery's neck with unwonted excitement, and kissing her passionately.

"But you see, my pet lamb, you're no longer the little girl who used to hold my hand till you fell asleep, but you've grown into a beautiful young lady."

"Beautiful! Nonsense!" cried Hulda; "and as if that would make any difference. Why, Margery, you ought to know me better."

"Ah, but things are changing now," said Margery, as she quietly busied herself about her young mistress's hair, and noted with satisfaction that the half-hysterical seizure was passing away, "and I suppose that before very long you will be marrying Captain Miller, and then—"

"Margery! How dare you?"

"Well, my dear, everybody says so, and it seems like it."

"It does not," said Hulda, sharply, "and I forbid you to say such a thing again."

"Very well, my dear, then I will not."

"But, Margery, I want you to go to mamma, and ask her to send round to the infirmary to hear how the poor fellow is. I know papa would like us to take an interest in him."

"Of course my dear. I'll get Jack Thompson to go round if her ladyship says I am to send."

Margery went away, thinking very deeply about what had taken place.

No sooner had Margery's steps died away than Hulda started up, to hurry to the door and stand listening for a few moments before crossing quickly back to the dressing-table, and taking from it the pair of stained kid gloves, hastily wrapped them in paper, and laid the package in the grate.

Her hands were trembling, and the sobbing recommenced as she ran to her toilet-table once more, took matches and lit a taper, quickly applied it to the paper, with the result that a tiny blue flame suddenly appeared and began to run slowly along the edge of the rough and crumpled paper. Then a curl of smoke, as the girl watched with dilated eyes. The flame increased, fluttered, and blazed up, and the paper was rapidly consuming, when, with a strange cry, Hulda suddenly snatched the burning packet from the grate, and, regardless of the pain, rapidly crushed out the flame with her soft white hands, tearing off the smoldering, blackened paper, and casting it into the grate till the last scraps of flocculent ash lay there with the tiny sparks seeming to chase each other through the tinder.

There was a guilty, scared look in Hulda's face, as she now stood there listening, the gloves crushed in her hands, her eyes dilated, and her breath coming thick and fast.

Then, quickly crossing to a davenport standing in the chamber-window, she took up an envelope, shuddering and half sobbing the while, thrust in the gloves, raised the flap of the paper to her lips to moisten the gum, and rapidly fastened it down.

She was trembling violently now, so much so that the little key she selected from a bunch tapped against a nail-work ornament of the little drawer in the writing-stand as she knelt before it and tried to turn the lock.

This was at last done, the packet thrust in—still with the same trembling, guilty action—the drawer closed and locked, and the keys hurriedly thrust into her pocket as the girl started to her feet with a sigh of relief.

She stood for a few moments listening, her brow furrowed with lines, and her hands clasped before her; and then, as if a thought struck her, she ran to the glass, to stand gazing at her ingenuous young countenance, to see that at one time it was pale, and then flushed, as the tell-tale blood rushed up to her brow.

CHAPTER XIII.—IN HOSPITAL.

"I BELIEVE he feels like a father to all the chaps as soon as they're ill," said Jack Thompson to Dick, as they both saluted the colonel, who passed them rapidly in company with Captain Miller, and made his way to the hospital where Rob lay insensible upon the narrow truckle-bed in the whitewashed room.

"Well, doctor?" he said, after giving a pleasant greeting to the neat, gray, elderly woman who was playing the part of nurse, and who drew back to the other side of the room.

"Well, colonel, very ugly case," said the doctor. "Don't be absurd, woman!" said Miller, angrily, to the nurse; "how are you to do your work if you cry like that?"

"I couldn't help it just then, sir," said the woman, courtesying, and hastily wiping her eyes. "But it seems so sad, sir—such a nice, gentlemanly young fellow, and to be cut down like that."

"Gentlemanly? Tchah!" said the colonel. "Which he is, sir—begging your pardon," said the woman, earnestly. "My boy, Chip, sir, says it's wonderful how much he knows."

"Pish!" ejaculated the captain, impatiently.

"Can he hear what we say?" said the colonel.

"Not he. In such horrible agony, I was glad to give him a narcotic; but he bore it like a man."

"The wound is terrible, then?"

"Terrible, sir? That doesn't express it. I've had some few nasty things to deal with—cuts, smashes, legs and wings off—"

"My dear Granton, for Heaven's sake don't go on like that!" said Sir Philip, laying his hand on the sufferer's damp brow.

"All right, colonel. I was only prefacing what I meant to say about his wound. The brute pretty well tore the flesh from the poor fellow's chest, and if I can put this right I shall be proud of it."

"I would have given anything sooner than it should have happened."

"Yes; it's a sad pity. Fine young fellow. Splendidly made."

"Yes, yes," said the colonel, hastily. "But tell me, shall you pull him through?"

The doctor was silent.

"So bad as that?"

"You know our motto," said the doctor; "and Nature does work such wonderful cures. I can do little more than bind up, and try to give him strength, and keep down fever."

Sir Philip sighed.

"He'll have a splendid chance alone here with the nurse. No sick men about. No

risk of pyemia from heaps of injured men round him. Hospital gangrene—that's what kills off our wounded men."

"Send for anything you want, Granton. Lady Cope will only be too pleased to see that the poor fellow has everything that will help and comfort him."

"I know that," said the doctor, smiling. "The scoundrels! I wish they had a little more gratitude in them."

"Don't rake up the past, Granton," said the colonel, quietly. "There, poor fellow, I'll go now. God help him! It's bad enough in service, when we've been doing something against the enemy. I don't like to see my poor lads cut down like this."

"Trust me to pull him through if it's to be done," said the doctor, turning down the coverlet to take Rob's wrist between his finger and thumb. "What's that he has there?" whispered Sir Philip.

"Handkerchief. One that was over the wound. He took tight hold of it in one of his paroxysms of pain, and it would disturb him to get it away. Fingers closed over it like iron. Tetanic symptoms, I'm afraid. Deal of fever," he muttered, as he released the wrist and drew the coverlet back.

The colonel stood gazing down dreamily at the pallid face upon the pillow, his brow knit and a painful look of emotion in his eyes, for the sight of the gallant young fellow lying there moved him strangely.

"Time he took his half-pay," muttered the captain. "Getting a regular old woman."

"Ready, Miller?" said Sir Philip, turning upon him suddenly.

"Yes, I'm ready," said the captain, starting, and half fancying that the colonel had read his thoughts, as they left the room.

"A bad job, Miller, a very bad job," said Sir Philip, as they crossed the parade. "Let me see: you dine with us to-night, I think?"

"Yes, at seven," said Miller, quickly.

It was upon the colonel's lips to say, "Would you mind putting it off till to-morrow?" but he was a soldier, and a military man buries a friend and comrade one minute and marches off the next to the inspiring strains of the band. He has no time for sorrow. So the words were left unsaid.

Miller, too, hesitated before introducing the topic upon his mind; but with military promptitude he took up the opportunity of Sir Philip alluding to the death of the chestnut.

"By-the-way, sir, that scoundrel of a recruit is under arrest."

"What scoundrel?"

"The man who so brutally stabbed the horse with the pitchfork."

"Executed prompt justice upon the savage brute," said Sir Philip.

Miller stared. "But the man is under arrest."

"My dear Miller, what for? Good Heavens, man! the poor fellow saw his comrade in peril, and attacked the horse."

"But, my dear Sir Philip, a little prompt action and ordinary English pluck would have done. If he had seized the horse by the head-stall, or given it a sharp rap with the fork-handle, it would have done; but he deliberately stabbed the poor brute."

"Poor brute, Miller? Well, upon my word, after what I have seen of the animal's proceedings, I am disposed to say that this man did quite right."

"Quite right, sir, with Government property?" said Miller, warmly, his dislike getting the better of his discretion.

"Yes."

"Why, that horse must have been worth fifty pounds at least."

"My dear Miller, he is worth far more now that he is dead. Surely the life of a man is worth more than fifty pounds. There, my dear boy, don't say any more to me about it. If the authorities complain, I would rather pay the cost of the horse out of my own pocket than have such a brute in the regiment."

Captain Miller shrugged his shoulders and made up his mind that the colonel was no longer fit to be in command of so fine a corps.

"I don't like to run counter to my officers in matters of discipline, Miller," continued the colonel; "but you must order that man out of arrest. Do it your own way."

"Certainly, colonel," replied Miller, and they parted, Sir Philip to return to his quarters and talk the matter over with Lady Cope, the captain to go straight to Hesseletton's room, sit on the table, smoke and abuse the discipline of the regiment, and the way in which energetic officers were interfered with when they were trying their best to keep the corps in a high state of efficiency.

"Yes," said Hesseletton, as he sat furtively admiring himself in a little plate of glass set in the back of a piece of furniture. "I always think, Miller, that the colonel was wrong in his choice of a profession."

"Do you?" cried the captain, shortly, for here was an opportunity to quarrel with some one whom he could verbally kick with impunity.

"Yes," said the young man, trying to get the end of his small mustache to curl. "I always feel that he is regularly meant for a parson."

"And I always feel, Hesseletton, as if you were cut out for an ornament; for of all the silly, insane nonsense that ever came out of a man's mouth, you speak the worst. By George, sir, there are times when I feel as if I could kick you, and—where the deuce did you get these cigars? They're wretched!"

"They are out of that other box, old chap," said the lieutenant, mildly.

"Bah!" ejaculated Miller; and, throwing the cigar he had been smoking into the grate, he flung out of the room to give orders for Dick to be set at liberty.

"Poor old Miller!" said the lieutenant, smiling at himself in the glass as he resumed the petting of his mustache, "he's beginning to find out that he can't carry everything before him just as he likes."

He laughed silently.

"He's not so young as he was, and he sees that Hulda is not quite so ready to drop into his lap as he expected. Poor old chap! But it's only natural. The young like the young, and Hulda Cope isn't such a weak, easily led girl as he fancied."

He smiled a smile as full of self-gratulation as ever played inanely upon the countenance of a handsome young officer of three or four and twenty.

"The dark horse often wins," he said, aloud. "Perhaps the dark horse will win here, for everything comes to the man who waits. I'm going to wait, for Miller is not the man to quarrel with. Confound him! how doocedly overbearing and insolent he can be when he likes. Hang me if I put up with much more of it, so I'll tell him flat."

There was a very fierce look in Lieutenant Hesseletton's face for a moment, but it soon disappeared as he sat back and smoked calmly, banqueting upon pleasant thoughts and murmuring softly: "Sweet Hulda!"

And soon after, with a pitying laugh:

"Poor old Miller! I'm sorry for him."

(To be continued.)

OHIO G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT.

THE State Encampment of the G. A. R. at Toledo, Ohio, on the 24th, 25th and 26th ult., was an event of great interest to the veterans of the Buckeye State. The city was thronged by visitors from all directions, and on the day of the grand parade (the 25th) the streets presented a brilliant spectacle. Houses along the line of march were elaborately decorated, flags and bunting fluttered in the breeze and arches of natural-gas pipe and of evergreen spanned the street. The parade was in three divisions. The first consisted of a platoon of police, the Toledo Cadets, Sixteenth Regiment, O. N. G., and a battery of artillery; the second division consisted of the organized G. A. R. Posts; and the third comprised the delegates to the Encampment. The delegates marched in platoons of sixteen abreast, and were followed by the Hamilton County delegation, after which came twelve carriages, two abreast. In the evening of the day there was a natural-gas display of unprecedented proportions.

HON. COURTLAND C. MATSON,

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF INDIANA.

THE Democrats of Indiana have nominated an exceptionally strong ticket for State officers. Hon. Courtland C. Matson, now a member of the House of Representatives, was unanimously nominated for Governor, Mr. William R. Myers, who had been prominently named, withdrawing in his favor, and contenting himself with the nomination for Lieutenant-governor. The State Convention indorsed the Administration of President Cleveland, passed a vote of confidence in Senator Voorhees, and indorsed Governor Gray as its candidate for Vice-president of the United States.

Courtland C. Matson was born at Brookville, Ind., April 25th, 1841. He received a common-school education and graduated from the Ashbury University, Ind. At the beginning of the late war he enlisted as a private in the Sixteenth Indiana Volunteers. After one year's service in that regiment he entered the Sixth Indiana Cavalry (Seventy-first Volunteers), serving in that regiment until October, 1865, in various official grades up to that of Colonel. At the termination of the war he commenced the study of law in the office of his father, Hon. John A. Matson. He was admitted to the Bar, and entered upon the practice of his profession at Greencastle, his present home, and has so continued. He was three times elected Prosecuting Attorney of different State Courts in Indiana. Afterwards he was elected a Representative to the Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses, from the Fifth Indiana District, and always as a Straightout Democrat. He is a member of the Committee on the Revision of the Laws and Chairman of the Committee on Invalid Pensions. His nomination gives general satisfaction to the rank and file of his party.

THE MANUFACTURE OF CLOTHESPINS.

A WRITER in the Philadelphia Press says: "How many women ever think anything more of a clothespin excepting that it is a clothespin? Every domestic article, however humble, whispers a little story to us if we just think about it. We are paid one cent for packing a box of five gross of clothespins," said one of the packers to a reporter for the New York Mail and Express, recently. "An expert can pack 100 boxes in a day of ten hours." Sharp work that, handling 72,000 pins a day.

"Clothespins are made in the lumber regions. They are usually made of white ash, sometimes of beach, black and white birch, and maple. The wood is taken to the factory in logs and cut into lengths of thirty-one inches by circular saws. These lengths are then cut into blocks, and the blocks again cut into sticks. The sticks are placed under another saw and cut into the required lengths. Next the turner takes a hand at them, and from there they go to the slotting-machine. They are placed in troughs by the operator, the machine picking them up and slotting them. They are then placed in a revolving pipe-drier, going thence to the polishing-cylinder and thence to the packer. Each pin passes through eight hands. A single plant consists of board-saw, gang-splitter, gang-chunker, turning-lathe, drying-house and polisher, and costs from \$7,000 to \$12,000. The machines working are very interesting. The little blocks of wood, five and a half inches long, are placed on an endless belt, which feeds the blocks automatically into the lathe. As the lathe is turned the pin is taken automatically from the spindle and placed on a turn-table and carried to a circular-saw, which whittles out the slot in the pin. It is then finished, and thrown out of the turn-table by the same appliance that puts the pins on the table. Falling, they are caught in a basket or barrel, and are then taken to the drying-house for ten or twenty-four hours, or until dry. The polishing-cylinder, or rumbler,

holds twenty to forty bushels. This is run at slow speed, about thirty turns a minute, and by simple friction and contact they become polished."

MARRIAGE IN ZULULAND.

A MARRIAGE among the Zulus is as binding as any nuptial ceremony in the United States, and a man cannot put away his wife without valid cause, approved by the counselors of the tribe. Infidelity is punishable by death, both to wife and partner in guilt; constant and systematic disobedience or incorrigible idleness is punished by divorce. If the woman thinks she is at all ill-treated she can return to her father, who can keep her by repaying the number of cows paid for her, the children, being regarded as solely hers, going with her. If a wife prove childless she is divorced, or the father gives another daughter with her, without further payment. In that case, if the sister have children, the first two of her offspring will be transferred to the first wife and will be considered as her children. When twins occur one is always sacrificed to avert ill luck. If a man wishes to take more wives he must always obtain the consent of the first or queen wife. In fact, the Zulu laws of marriage resemble the old Mosaic laws, and their social condition is very similar to that of the Israelites when the divine law was first given them.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A STEEL car-wheel is expected to run 50,000 miles, but very few of them ever make that distance.

A NEW material, called "leatherine," is an English manufacture. It can be sold at 5 or 6 cents a pound, is said to be as tough as leather, and is designed for packing and bagging.

THE Engineer says there is no properly recorded instance of a locomotive ever attaining a greater speed than 80 miles an hour, and quotes Charles R. Martin as saying that higher speeds are mythical.

If gelatine be suspended in ordinary alcohol it will absorb the water; but as it is insoluble in alcohol, that substance will remain behind, and thus nearly absolute alcohol may be obtained without distillation.

THE new machine just invented for printing postal-cards prints them from the roll and turns them out in packages ready for delivery. It runs them off at the rate of 300 a minute, with paper bands pasted around each 25. It is said one man can look after two machines.

A PITTSBURGH mechanical engineer has invented a novel movable dam, by the use of which he claims a boating stage of water may be obtained in shallow rivers at all seasons of the year. The invention has been examined by old river-men and pronounced practicable. The inventor is 82 years old.

EXPERIMENTS have proved that the tensile strength of a wet rope is only one-third that of the same rope when dry; and a rope saturated with grease or soap is weaker still, as the lubricant permits the fibres to slip with greater facility. Hemp-rope contracts strongly on being wet, and a dry rope 25 feet long will shorten to 24 on being wet.

OIL OF PEPPERMINT in vapor, diluted even to one part in 100,000, will kill cockroaches in an hour, they dying in convulsions. One drop of the oil placed under a bell-jar covering a cultivation of cholera bacilli will kill both bacilli and spores in 48 hours. It is also regarded as among the best surgical antiseptics, and of great value in phthisis and diphtheria.

THE American Cultivator recommends a mixture of hydraulic cement and skim-milk for painting farm-buildings and fences. The cement is placed in a bucket and sweet skim-milk stirred in until the mixture is of the consistency of cream. The proportions are about one quart of cement to a gallon of milk. Color may be added if desired. This paint is cheap and durable.

FIVE patents were issued last week to Elias E. Ries, of Baltimore, for electric-heating apparatus. Two of them are for heating railway-cars, and Mr. Ries claims that they are the only practicable means of heating satisfactorily, and that they will remove all danger from fire. In one case the dynamo is attached to the axle, and on a down grade generates heat enough to last for four hours. In the patent a secondary battery is provided for, by which the electricity is stored, and can be used for lighting as well as heating.

AN interesting experiment has been tried with the great artesian well which spouts up in the grounds of the Ponce de Leon Hotel at St. Augustine, Fla. Directly over the well, which throws a solid column of water 12 inches in diameter 35 feet into the air, a huge turbine-wheel has been placed. Bolted direct to the shaft of this wheel is an Edison dynamo, capable of supplying 375 16-candle lamps. Several hundred Edison incandescent lamps have been placed on the walls of the building over the well, and together with the indicating and regulating apparatus connected with the dynamo. The trials in generating electricity in this way, by power derived directly from the earth, have proved eminently satisfactory as far as the steadiness and constancy of the light are concerned. The experiment is interesting as being the first case on record where natural water-power for driving machinery has been derived directly from the earth.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

APRIL 21st.—In Boston, Mass., General William Dwight; in New York, Horatio Reed, an old merchant, aged 73 years; in Buffalo, N. Y., Leonidas Doty, banker, aged 75 years. APRIL 22d.—In Washington, D. C., Colonel John A. Graham, aged 90 years; in New York, Rear-admiral Charles Stewart Boggs, United States Navy, aged 67 years. APRIL 23d.—In New York, the Rev. Dr. I. dward Hopper, Presbyterian minister and writer, aged 70 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., ex-Mayor Samuel T. Murphy, of Gloucester, Camden County, aged 68 years; in New York, Dr. Edward G. Loring, the eminent oculist, aged 50 years. APRIL 24th.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., John J. Pearce, one of the founders of the Young Men's Christian Association in England and America, aged 78 years. APRIL 25th.—In Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. W. G. Noah, formerly a famous actress, aged 80 years. APRIL 26th.—In Chicago, Ill., E. B. Clark, President of the Calumet and Chicago Canal and Dock Co.; in Vergennes, Vt., ex-Congressman Frederick E. Woodbridge, aged 70 years. APRIL 27th.—In New York, Albert S. Phillips, the young English comedian, aged 34 years; in Washington, D. C., Carl Pfeiffer, the well-known architect, aged 50 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Labrador fisheries during the past Winter have been extremely prosperous.

A TREATY of international traffic by rail has just been signed between Chili and the Argentine Republic.

THE Massachusetts House of Representatives has rejected the Bill granting municipal suffrage to women.

THE town of Central City, in Dakota, with 1,000 population, was totally destroyed by fire on the 26th ult.

THE City of New Haven celebrated, on the 25th ult., the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its settlement.

AN earthquake in Yunnan, China, in December last, killed or injured 4,000 persons and destroyed much property.

THE Iowa Prohibitionists have nominated a full State ticket, and will "go it" on their own hook in the coming canvass.

THE American contributions to the Irish National League during the two weeks ending April 24th amounted to \$10,000.

THE French Minister of Marine will ask for a credit of 62,000,000 francs for defense works at Brest, Cherbourg and Toulon.

DISPATCHES from Massowah state that King John has reopened negotiations for the conclusion of peace between Italy and Abyssinia.

THE Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce has prepared amendments to the Interstate Law to punish the under-billing of freight with fine and imprisonment.

THE total number of immigrants arriving at the ports of the United States for the three months ended March 31st was 69,623. For the corresponding period in 1887 there were 64,295.

THE Indiana Democratic State Convention, last week, indorsed President Cleveland and his Administration, and nominated a State ticket headed by Courtland C. Matson for Governor.

SOME of the members of the Korean Legation are going away, homesick. They sailed on May 1st from San Francisco for Yokohama, and from there will proceed to their native shores.

THE Bill amending the Half-holiday Law of last year has passed both branches of the New York Legislature. It reduces the application of the law to the four months of June, July, August and September.

THE Pennsylvania Republican Convention has elected an unpledged delegation to the Chicago Convention. A strong Blaine feeling, however, was betrayed by the convention at certain stages of its proceedings.

THE famous horse Dexter died in his honored retirement in Mr. Robert Bonner's stables, a week ago last Saturday. In those same stables, however, dwells the peerless Maud S., who holds against the world a lower record than that which made Dexter the wonder of his day.

SENATOR HOAR, F. L. Burden, A. W. Beard and Henry S. Hyde have been elected delegates-at-large to the National Convention by the Massachusetts Republicans. Their first choice is Blaine, with Allison second. Delegates in favor of Blaine have also been elected from Texas and Florida.

SECRETARY FAIRCHILD strongly opposes the Bill for the issuing of fractional currency. As a substitute for the proposed issue he suggests the issue of notes by the Post-office Department in sums less than one dollar free of charge. The fractional currency, he says, is wanted only for postal purposes.

THE United States Supreme Court has sustained the validity of a Kansas law making railroad companies responsible in damages for injuries to their employes growing out of the negligence or carelessness of fellow-employes. This is contrary to the common-law rule, and the ruling will in good time have most salutary results.

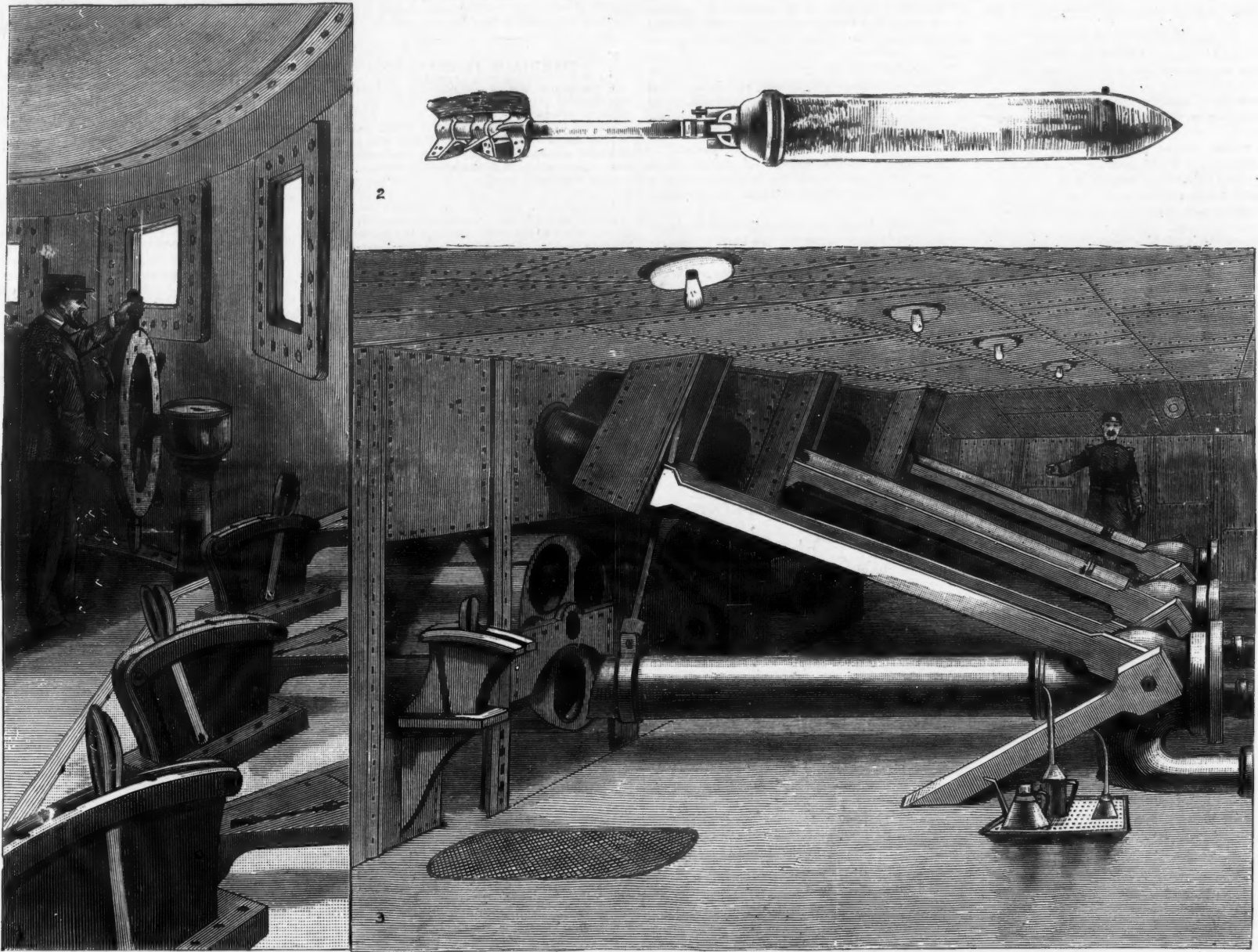
AN agreement was last week reached as to the duration of the general debate on the Tariff Bill in the House of Representatives. The demand of the Republicans was granted, and twenty days fixed as the period for continuing general debate. The time is to be divided equally between the two sides, beginning with the first day's debate. The limitation expires with the 15th of May, provided the debate is continuous.

THE Mexican authorities certainly have a positive way of dealing with violators of law. The two army officers who followed a deserter across the Rio Grande into Texas and attempted to arrest him have been sentenced each to ten years' imprisonment, while the Stein Pass train-robbers were burned out of a hut, in which they had taken refuge on Mexican soil, and shot down by soldiers who intercepted their retreat.

THE President has instructed District Attorney Galvin of Boston to make without delay an investigation concerning the importation of foreign sailors under contract by firms engaged in the fisheries at Gloucester and elsewhere, and it is probable that the use of alien captains by these firms will also be the subject of inquiry. It is said that fifty per cent. of sailors of fishing-vessels that sail from Boston and Gloucester belong to the Canadian Provinces.

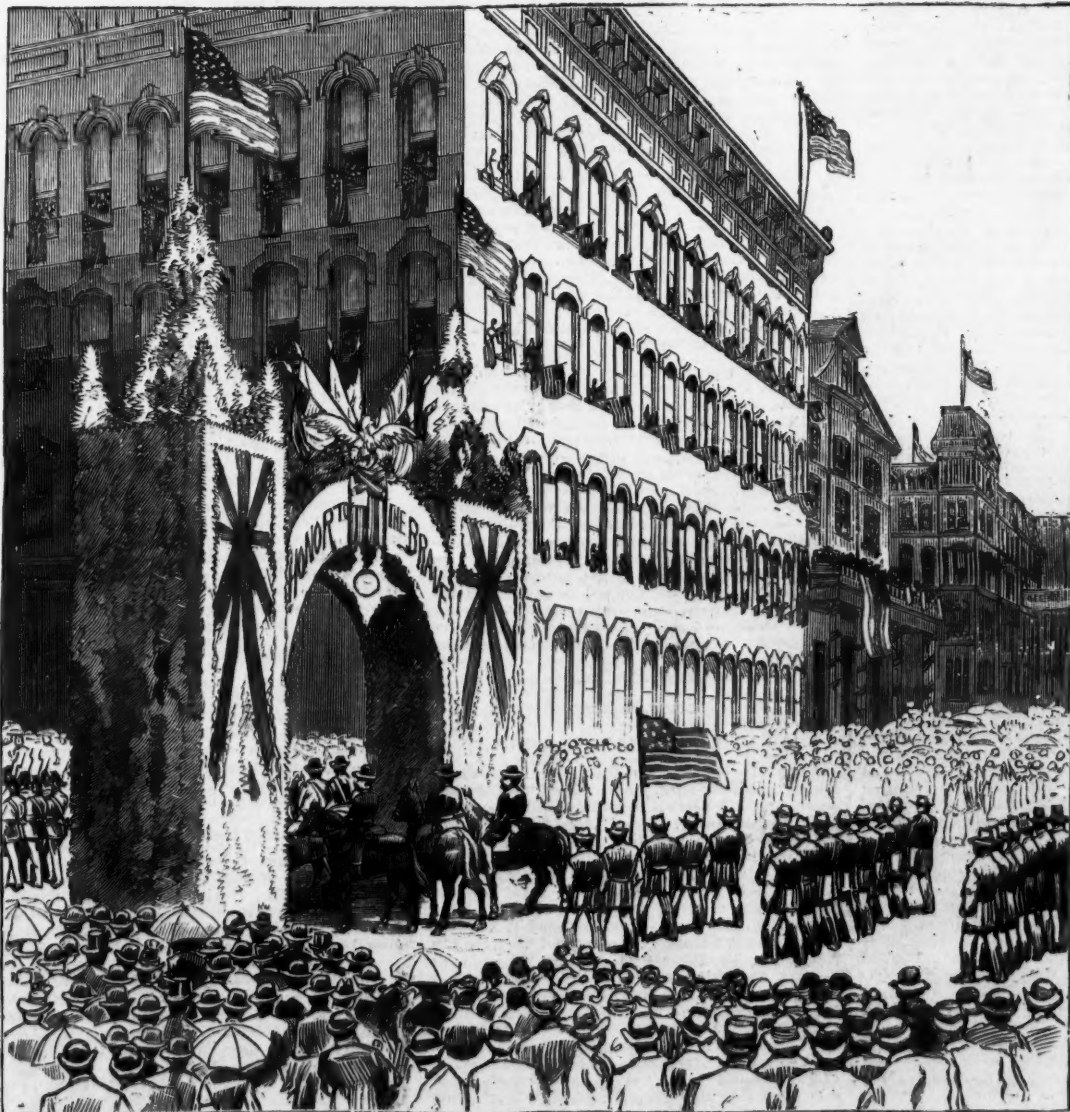
A WHOLESALE raid was made upon liquor-dealers in Manchester, N. H., one day last week, by the Committee of Two Hundred of the League for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic. Eighteen prominent places were visited, an inventory of property taken and the proprietors notified to appear in court. Several of the places had their barrels of liquor rolled into the street, and in some instances the contents were carried away by any one who wanted the liquor.

THE Irish County Government Bill was last week rejected by the British House of Commons by a vote of 282 to 195. During the debate on the Bill Lord Randolph Churchill made a vigorous attack on the Irish policy of the Government, which he alleged to be in direct violation of solemn pledges. He said that his declaration in favor of the extension of local government in Ireland, made by him in the House as a member of the Government in 1886, had been first put in writing and been approved by the Prime Minister and by the Irish Secretary. Both the Tories and the Liberal-Unionists assented to it when uttered. The promise to treat England and Ireland alike in local matters was the foundation of the Unionist alliance. It was so understood by the country, "And I," said Lord Randolph, "will not be responsible if that pledge is to be broken." Lord Randolph's statements are regarded as very damaging to the Government.



1. Interior of the "Conning" Tower. 2. The Projectile. 3. Interior of the Loading-room.

METHOD OF HANDLING THE THREE GUNS OF THE NEW DYNAMITE CRUISER, RECENTLY LAUNCHED AT PHILADELPHIA.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.



OHIO.—STATE ENCAMPMENT AND PARADE OF THE G. A. R., AT TOLEDO, APRIL 24TH-26TH—THE PROCESSION
PASSING THE CORNER OF SUMMIT AND MADISON STREETS.
FROM A SKETCH BY FRENCH BROS.—SEE PAGE 187.

THE NEW DYNAMITE CRUISER.

WE illustrate on this page the method of handling the pneumatic dynamite guns on the new vessel launched at Philadelphia last week, in company with the *Yorktown*. These guns make the new dynamite cruiser one of the most novel and formidable war-vessels launched since the *Monitor*. The three guns are practically fixed torpedo tubes, 54 feet long, their extremities appearing above the deck where they are placed, and, of course, at such an angle as the depth of the vessel will allow. The air-compressing apparatus which, as is well known, is used instead of gunpowder for expelling the projectiles from the tubes, is undoubtedly sufficient to secure the contract range of one mile. The guns are lowered after firing, to receive new projectiles from the revolving magazine, as shown in the picture. The aim can be secured by the helmsman in the pilot-house, who, instead of varying the position of the guns, must point the vessel itself in which they are fixed. The range can be varied with an accuracy even greater than that of powder-guns by altering the pressure in the air-reservoir. Besides her dynamite battery, the cruiser will carry Hotchkiss revolving cannon and Gatling guns.



INDIANA.—HON. COURTLAND C. MATSON, DEMOCRATIC
CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

PHOTO. BY BELL, WASHINGTON.—SEE PAGE 187

FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS,

SECOND CITY IN COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE
OF THE STATE.

FORT SMITH, April 17th.

NO one will fully comprehend the great mineral and agricultural resources of Arkansas until they have made a tour of the State from St. Louis to Texarkana, and from Helena to Fort Smith; and just why prospectors in search of the earth's riches should flee in such vast numbers to the mountains in the Far West when these fields and valleys are overflowing with wealth is beyond human wisdom to understand. The only reason I can assign is, that there is so much of it here that it is unappreciated; and the result is that the countless millions that lie wrapped just beneath the earth's surface are lost to the world because it is not dug for. There is too much of it. But I must once again say to the capitalists of the North and East that if they would seek profitable investments, where large returns are sought, they should visit these parts and take a hand in developing one of the richest States in the Union. Those who come first will reap the richest rewards for their enterprise and diligence.

I came up here the other day from Little Rock, and was amazed at the sights which met me on every hand. Here is a country so rich in coal and iron and timber and building-stone, and in all the essentials of material wealth, that a State Convention must needs be held to attract the attention of people seeking new homes, and it will be well if the invitation is heeded. While sitting here in the hotel last night, I saw a crowd of men gazing intently through glasses at a tiny speck of something upon a paper, and when invited to join them, the object of their examination proved to be a little nugget of gold dug from a prospecting mine at what is known as Golden City, only a few miles from Fort Smith. The town sprang into life only a year ago. Gold was discovered in drilling for water. A shaft was sunk to determine the fact of its existence in paying quantity. From this several mill-runs and assays were made with



vigorous, pushing and enterprising, still deficient in one important particular, viz., lacking the advantages to be derived by a profitable trade with the country to the west of it; and until the Indians are civilized, or removed, or sent to the "happy hunting-grounds" by the whites who are living in combination with them, Fort Smith will never have its own, nor is it now what it would have been had the conditions referred to been different. Still, under these disadvantages, it has grown up very rapidly during the past few years, and is the second city of the State in commercial importance, and will always remain so. The individual wealth of the inhabitants, I am told, is another marked characteristic of the city, there being many persons whose possessions run far up into the thousands, and who are as liberal and public-spirited as they are rich. Meritorious enterprises never lag for want of encouragement, and there is a sort of vim and push amongst the people which are not always manifest in the South. They have a Board of Trade to look after commercial interests; two banks with heavy capital to supply all the money that business men may need, schools of high grade and school-buildings far above the average in the South; and an enlightened public sentiment, with law and order as a leading feature. Crime is punished here with as much certainty as in Connecticut, and with very much more promptness; and there is no city in the country, so they tell me, where there is less robbery according to the population. The number of beautiful homes here is surprising, and to ride around the streets and note the elaborateness of architecture manifest upon every hand cannot but impress the stranger most favorably. That it is a pleasant place to live, there can be no question, and that living expenses are unusually moderate, the figures presented to me for rents and provisions amply demonstrate.

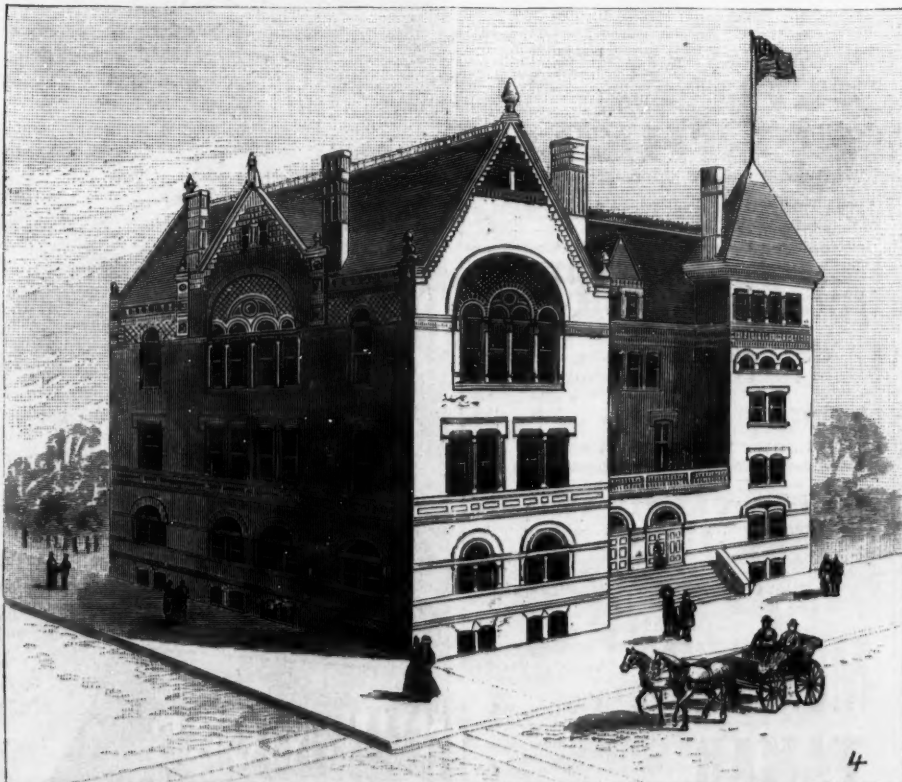
There are fine opportunities here for mechanics of all kinds. There are no openings in general merchandising, so they say; but in the industrial pursuits they are without number. The young and active carpenter, or cooper, or stone or brick mason, and those who would manufacture ma-



satisfactory results, and the little lump of gold I saw last night was regarded as proof positive that, with all its other mineral resources, Arkansas will yield the most precious of all our ores, and in such quantities as will well repay the investment. Silver has also been found there in the form of chlorides and sulphurets.

Fort Smith is now reaping, in some measure, the reward of being located in such a country as this. Not many years ago, indeed, it was regarded as being on the extreme borders of civilization, inhabited by hardy pioneers, Indian traders, and United States soldiers; whereas it is now rapidly approaching extensive commercial importance, as a population of 18,000 will testify. It has one long, wide business thoroughfare completely and compactly built up. While its business houses are not large nor even elegant, still they are substantial brick buildings, and much better and far more roomy than those of many Northern cities of the same size. There is one very peculiar feature in the business aspects of this city that should be noted, and that is the similarity in size and importance of all the stores of every character. There do not appear to be large establishments in any line of trade that monopolizes public attention, but all seem to be upon pretty nearly the same level, and do about the same amount of trade. Of course this is not absolutely so, but the proportion of small dealers to large ones is more even here than in any city I ever visited.

If it were not that Fort Smith is upon the borders of the Indian Territory there would be no limit to its growth and development. As it is, it is like a young man developing into manhood with but one arm; strong,



1. COUNTY COURT HOUSE. 2. SCHOOL-BUILDING. 3. FIRST NATIONAL BANK. 4. POST-OFFICE.

ARKANSAS.—SOME OF THE REPRESENTATIVE BUILDINGS OF FORT SMITH, THE SECOND CITY IN COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE OF THE STATE.

FROM PHOTOS.

chinery or implements of almost any character, could come here and do well. The city has need for all who can lend a helping hand in the production of wealth in the manner indicated. Capitalists, also, who care to invest in the purchase of real estate and in the construction of residences, will find Fort Smith an inviting field. Hundreds of residences of the smaller class are urgently needed, and if they were on the market to-day they could be rented or sold to advantage. To some one who will come and lay out additions to the city, and cover them with tasteful little homes for working-people, there is such an opening as may be found in but few places in the South. While there is an upward tendency in real estate, and a stability about it that exhibits the substantial progress of the city, still there has never been a "boom" here in that line, and the place has not been run down by a horde of irresponsible adventurers known as real-estate agents, as some towns have been. That class of operators have not found this an inviting field, and the result is that ground may be secured at prices that insure a good profit to those who invest. Vacant houses are scarce, and the great need of the city at this time is at least three hundred new residences.

The location of Fort Smith is exceedingly favorable for a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, within the next five years. It is so far from large competing cities, that, as the intervening territory becomes settled, its growth must of necessity correspondingly expand. Its transportation facilities are at present represented in the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad and the Frisco line, the former being a part of the Missouri Pacific system, and the latter the St. Louis and San Francisco.

extending from St. Louis to Paris, Texas. It not only gives Fort Smith another and independent road to St. Louis and to Texas, but it has opened up Southwest Missouri and given a short route to Kansas City and the North and West. The Gould line, which gives communication with Little Rock, St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans and points in Texas, will soon be extended over through the Indian Territory to a point connecting it with another branch of that system, and this will go a long distance towards settling the question of the position of the town in the world of traffic. These two lines of road are fully alive to the interests of the city, and are doing their duty in fostering and sustaining its business relations with the outside world. While the Arkansas River has not lost its value in the matter of cheap transportation, still the day of river-craft has ceased and the railroads are the only sure methods of transportation.

With fuel in the form of wood and coal in endless quantities, with timber by the millions of acres; with iron and other metals to be had only for the seeking; with as fine agricultural lands as any in the South; with a climate that is mild yet invigorating; with opportunities for purchasing lands at extraordinary low rates—all these are inducements of which the settler at or near Fort Smith may avail himself, and which constitute a guarantee of prosperity at once solid and permanent.

The Board of Trade was organized to furnish full details of information concerning Fort Smith and its advantages, and all inquiries will be attended to without delay. JOHN H. PATTERSON.

SPECIAL CARS AND YACHTS.

A WRITER in the Philadelphia Times says: "The special railway car is a form of luxury which is very common among the millionaires of to-day. These cars cost all the way from \$15,000 to \$60,000 a piece, and there are about 200 of them now in the United States, representing a value of nearly \$5,000,000. The President of every railroad has his private car, and President Cleveland took his wedding journey to Deer Park in the car of Robert Garrett. His Western trip was taken in Pullman's private coach, and he lived more comfortably on the road than in the hotels. Senator Stanford goes across the continent in his own conveyance, and Jay Gould travels in the same way. These cars are small houses upon wheels. They have bedrooms, elegantly furnished parlors, butler-palettes and kitchens. Their interiors are finished in costly woods, artistically carved and richly inlaid, and velvet curtains, Wilton carpets and embossed velvet furniture form a part of their make-up. The sides of some of these cars are almost entirely of plate-glass, and one can recline and view the scenery as he goes across the country without any obstruction to the eye. Some millionaires rent special cars, and there are cars which rent at from \$50 to \$75 a day, not including the fare of the railroads over which they go. This rent includes the servants and the furniture.

"The modern yacht is still more expensive than the private car, and much more fashionable. The millionaire's yacht costs all the way from \$50,000 upwards, and yachts which cost over \$100,000 are not uncommon. Gould paid more than this for his yacht, the *Atlanta*, and the wages of the men employed upon her cost him \$750 a month. In addition to this, the running expenses of the yacht are, when Gould is upon her, from \$30 to \$40 a day, and among the employees are two waiters, two maids, a baker and four cooks. It requires fifty-two men to run the yacht, and its interior is elegantly furnished, the finishing being made of inland maple, butternut, cedar and native hard woods. Some of the rooms are finished in mahogany, and an estimate of the total cost of running the vessel is \$400 a day. These yachts are supplied with every comfort, even to fine libraries and pianos."

FUN.

"What is your business?" "I feed the lions in a menagerie." "Must be dreary work." "On the contrary, it is very funny. They keep the table in a roar."

A CERTAIN fat man within ten miles of Burlington has a very thin wife. The boys have nicknamed them "Enough" and "To Spare."—*Burlington Free Press*.

A MEMBER of the Kansas Legislature was recently hanged in effigy, and a disgusted political opponent says, "History may well ask, Why in effigy?"—*Mocking Bird*.

"The Emperor William," says the *Norristown Herald*, "left a personal fortune of some \$5,000,000, showing that he never put a National Opera Company on the road."

THE ART OF GETTING ACQUAINTED.

It is a fine art to bring two entire strangers together for the first time, by means of a letter or an introduction, in just such a manner that the true character of each shall appear, and that neither shall be deceived. Candor is of the first importance. Without mutual truth and personal integrity one of the parties is likely to suffer by the meeting. Philosophical lawyers and conscientious physicians all know that their clients or patients respect them just in proportion to the conscious ability manifested to aid them. The value of an advertisement rests on the confidence inspired as to the good faith of the advertiser. Drs. STARKEY and PALEN, who for many years have been effecting remarkable cures with their Compound Oxygen treatment, declare most emphatically that they will give a truthful and candid answer to every patient who applies to them for cure. If they believe that the patient requires some other system of treatment, they will say so at once. Compound Oxygen is not a "cure-all" remedy, but for diseases of the lungs, throat, stomach and nerves, its success is wonderful. Their offices at 1329 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., are crowded with patients, but applications from people in distant parts of the country have induced them to introduce their new system of Home Treatment, by which patients can take the gas at their own firesides. Write for a pamphlet. It is sent free.

"Pa, here's a piece in the paper about parasites. What's parasites, pa?" "Parasites, my boy? Why, parasites are the people who live in Paris."

Burnett's Cocaine allays irritation, removes dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half wineglass ANGSTURIA BITTERS before meals.

TO NERVOUS MEN.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous, debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, manhood and health. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on trial.

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is a combination of two of the most valuable remedies in existence for the cure of Consumption and all Wasting Conditions; is more generally recommended and used by Physicians than any known remedy; it gives most satisfactory results, and tones up the system; and when the Consumptive has wasted away and loses hope, the Emulsion will speedily check the ravages of this terrible disease, and restore the sufferer to good health and happiness. This is equally true in regard to Rickets in Children, or Marasmus and Anæmia in Adults, and all impoverished conditions of the blood; and especially desirable for Colds and Chronic Coughs, as it will cure them more quickly than ordinary Specifics used. Palatable as milk.

Sold by all Druggists.



For "run-down," debilitated and overworked women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is a potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to Women; a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, it imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, nausea, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. It is carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee of satisfaction in every case, or price (\$1.00) refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, with full directions for home-treatment), send ten cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA

The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptic. For Children, buy of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can. H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

BOKER'S BITTERS
THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL
Stomach Bitters.
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

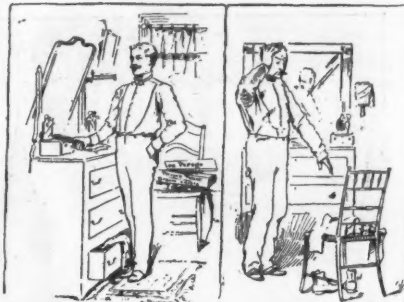
Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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MADE EASY Manufacturing Rubber Stamps. Send for Price List of Outfits, to J. F. W. Dorman, 217 East German St., Baltimore, Md.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.
E. GRILLON, 27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.



THE ONLY CORRECT SHIRT

Which fits close to the body, does not push up in the neck, and is made so as to prevent the bosom from breaking or wrinkling in any part, is IRA PEREGO'S PATENT BOSOM SHIRT. Made of the best N. Y. Mills Muslin, with superior quality linen bosoms—plain, pique, and embroidered. Our Spring Patterns of Fancy French Shirtings are now open.

Ira Perego 128 and 130 Fulton St., and 87 Nassau St., N. Y.

* * Send 2c. stamp for Illust. Catalogue of everything nobby in Gentlemen's Wear. Bicycle, Tennis and Athletics Outfits. Mention FRANK LESLIE'S.

The Finest Meat-Flavoring Stock.
USE IT FOR SOUPS,
Beef Tea, Sauces and Made Dishes.



EXTRACT OF MEAT
N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

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LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L'td, London.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.
C. WEIS M'fr of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 B'way, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker St., & Vienna, Austria. Sterling silver m't'd pipes, new designs.

ONLY FOR
Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.
Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, it is reliable.
For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine.
Send for circular.
BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

W. D. Woods Tailoring Co.

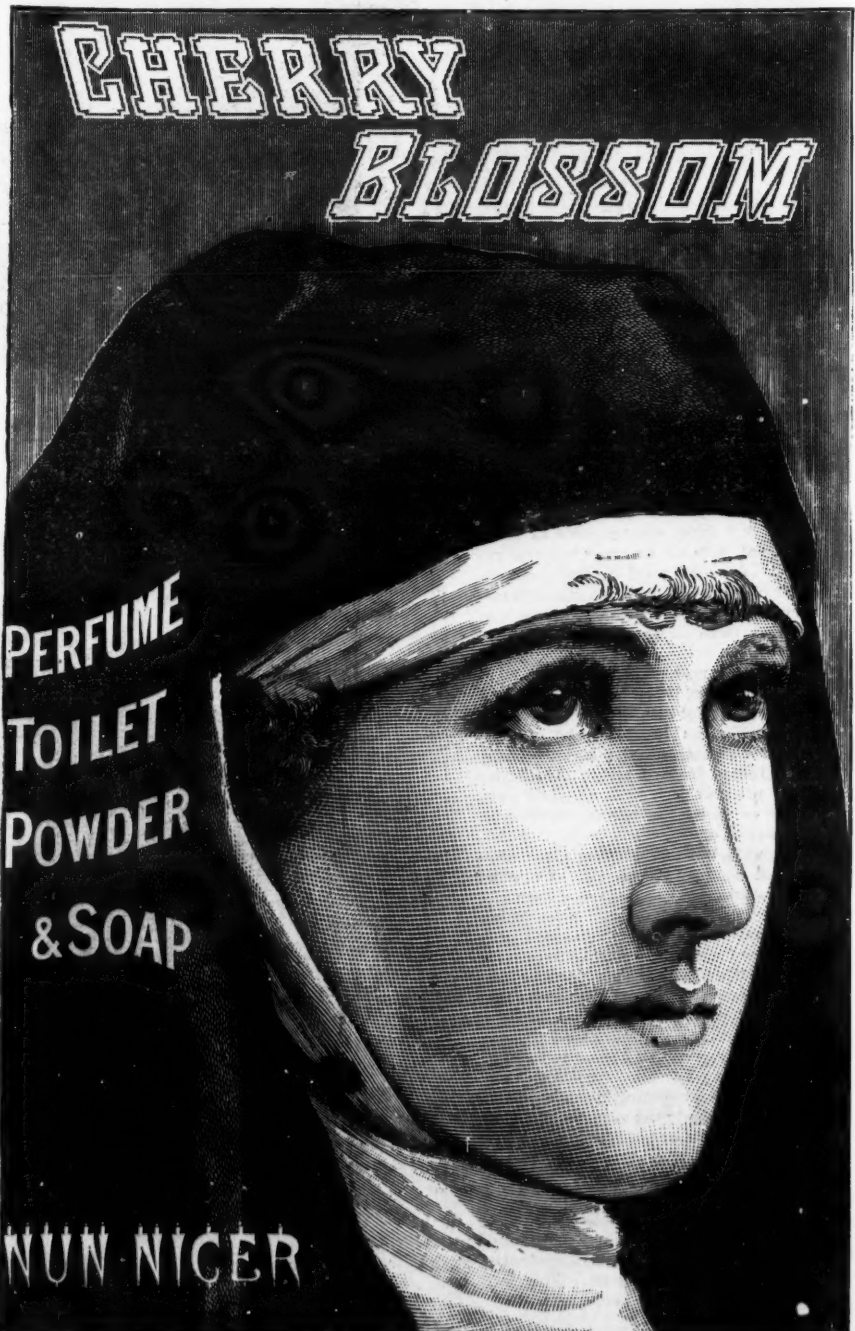
Offer special inducements in high class French and English Woolens, made to order.

Suits from \$25.00 Up.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

No. 1178 Broadway (cor. 28th St.), New York.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

A GRAND GIFT To introduce our wonderful Self-operating Washing Machine, we will GIVE ONE AWAY in every town. Best in the World. No labor or rubbing. SEND FOR ONE to the NATIONAL CO., 23 Dey St., New York.



IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.—Gosnell v. Durrant—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs, restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell and Co.'s Registered Trade Mark, CHERRY BLOSSOM.

Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the

Efficacy

of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color, and firmly set."—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

\$1,000 Reward

For your labor, and more, can be earned in a short time, if you at once write to HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine, for information about work which you can do and live at home, whatever your locality, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is now HALLETT & Co. will start you. Capital not required. All ages. Both sexes. All particulars free. Those who are wise will write at once and learn for themselves. Snug little fortunes await every worker.

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We will print your name and address in American Agents' Directory, for only 12 cents in postage stamps; you will then receive great numbers of pictures, cards, catalogues, books, sample works of art, circulars, magazines, papers, general samples, etc., etc. UNCOVERED to you the great broad field of the great employment and agency business. Those whose names are in this Directory often receive that which if purchased, would cost \$20 or \$30 cash. Thousands of men and women make large sums of money in the agency business. Tens of millions of dollars worth of goods are yearly sold through agents. This Directory is sought and used by the leading publishers, booksellers, novelty dealers, inventors and manufacturers of the United States and Europe. It is regarded as the standard Agents' Directory of the world and is relied upon as a harvest awaits all whose names appear in it. Those whose names are in it will keep posted on all the new money making things that come out, while literature will flow to them in a steady stream. The great bargains of the most reliable firms will be put before all. Agents make money in their own localities. Agents make money traveling all around. Some agents make over ten thousand dollars a year. All depends on what the agent has to sell. For those who know all about the business of those who employ agents; those who have this information make big money easily; those whose names are in this Directory get this information FREE and complete. This Directory is used by all first-class firms, all over the world, who employ agents. Over 1,000 such firms use it. Your name in this Directory will bring you in great information and large value, thousands will through it be led to profitable work, and FORTUNE. Reader, the very best small investment you can make, is to have your name and address printed in this Directory. Address: AMERICAN AGENTS' DIRECTORY, Augusta, Maine.

LAW SUITS

are liable to come to all users as well as sellers of imitations of the Hartman Patent Steel Wire Door Mat which is the original and best door mat. Double woven, elastic and simply perfect. Name is stamped on frame—beware of others.

HARTMAN STEEL CO. Limited
Beaver Falls, Pa.
118 Chambers Street, NEW YORK;
107 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.



PAGE & ROGER'S PATENT
Anti-Moth Carbolized Paper
The manufacturer assures us that a few sheets placed among Woolens, Furs or Feathers positively protects them from the ravages of Moths. Will not injure the finest fabrics. Price 25 cents per quire. Ask your Druggist to get it for you, or send to us direct. W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & Co., Sole Agents, 170 William Street, New York.



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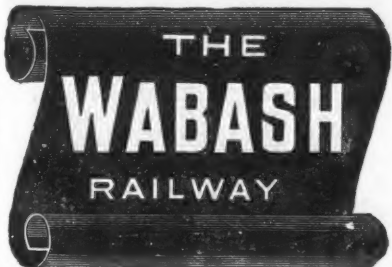
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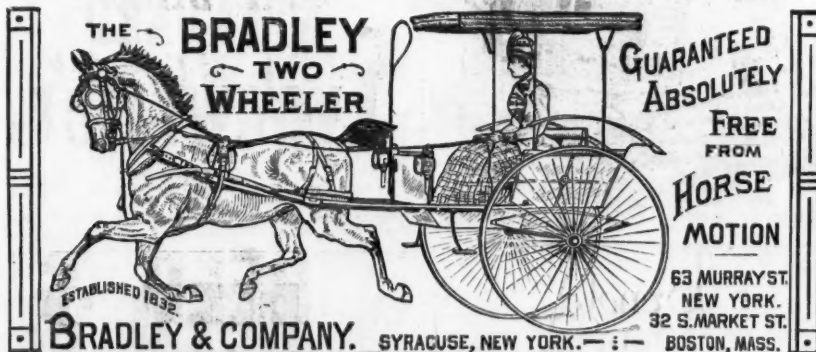


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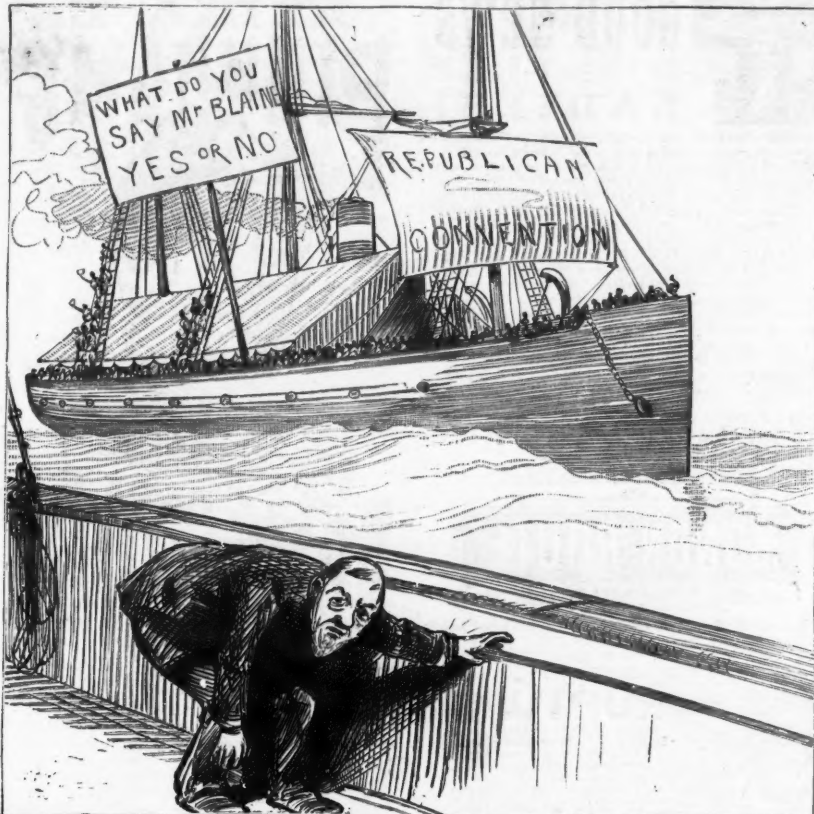
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